

Sports Illustrated

MAY 24, 1977 65 CENTS

LIQUORI GRINS—AND WINS





We helped make the working day an hour shorter in Philadelphia.

For many commuters to Philadelphia, the 8-hour day doesn't seem as long as it used to. That's because they now save up to an hour in travel time every day.

They ride to work on the first automated rapid-transit line in the country. Operated by the Port Authority Transit Corporation.

Every day, 35,000 people are whisked to work and back on a link between downtown and the New Jersey suburbs.

High-performance motors from General Electric move the trains up to 75 miles an hour. GE automatic controls keep them running 2 minutes apart during rush hour.

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Other transit systems, powered by General Electric, are saving time for commuters in Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, New York.

General Electric is helping in other ways to help people travel. With engines for helicopters, jet engines for the DC-10. And propulsion equipment for the Metroliner, running at 100 mph between New York and Washington.

Helping you get where you're going is the kind of progress we're working on at General Electric. And we're getting there.

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Gentlemen, start your luggage.



Take the word of Joe Leonard, a man very much on the move.

This year, he'll be piloting The Samsonite Special in the Indianapolis 500. That's Joe, above, with our Silhouette 24 Men's Companions, Carry-ons, and 3-suiters.

Take it from Joe, Silhouette's tough enough to withstand the most butterfingereed baggage handlers. First, because the frame's made from the same supertough, superlight magnesium that's built into The Samsonite Special.

And, second, because the sides are molded in miraculously strong Absolite. See all our rugged Silhouette line

for both men and women at your favorite luggage dealer.

And look for Joe Leonard and The Samsonite Special at the 500. Either way, you'll be off to a roaring start.

Samsonite

Samsonite Corporation Denver, Colorado 80217



It looks beautiful because Volkswagen doesn't build it.

Ask Volkswagen to build a small economy car. Fine.

Ask Volkswagen to build a big practical station wagon. Very good.

But ask Volkswagen to build a beautiful sports car?

Well, not even Volkswagen would ask Volkswagen to do that.

So we asked the Ghia Studios of Turin, Italy to design the body of our sports car, and the Karmann Coach-

works of Osnabrück, Germany to build it.

The Karmann people attack our sports car the way they've been attacking things for the past hundred years: slowly and carefully.

The fenders are welded and shaped and sanded and burnished by hand.

And once the body is formed, they give the Karmann Ghia four coats of paint, including a rust-proofing zinc

undercoat and a hand sprayed enamel color coat.

If it all sounds very complicated, it is.

But we can't afford to take any chances.

When we tried to build a sedan, it ended up looking like a beetle.

We didn't want to make the same mistake twice.



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Color by Kodak

THE HOT ONES Baseball's brightest stars are off to fast, and in some cases surprising, starts. In color and text, a look at the giants of the game who are shaping the season.

SPEED MERCHANTS Roger Penske and Mark Donohue are the talk of Indy—where they have contributed to epidemic 500 fever—and the subjects of an appraisal by Bob Jones.

THIS ROCKET is outtaight, up, up and way ahead of the rest of the world's tennis players. But off court Rod Laver is anything but high-powered. A major profile of a major figure.

HIGH-SCORING SLACKS. A GUARANTEED LOOK.

Contact Slacks, Wear-Dated by Monsanto.

Make contact now with the season's smartest look in slacks, from Miller Bros. Very sturdy, very stylish—with patch pockets in front and back, wide belt loops and quite the right amount of flare. Sizes 27 to 36, in lots of the really great colors. The skinny-rib, about \$12; the jersey, about \$11. Both knit in 100% Acrilan® acrylic bonded to nylon. Like all Wear-Dated® clothes, they're guaranteed for a full year's normal wear. So if they're not as good as our word you can return them, with tag and sales slip, for refund or replacement by Monsanto.

You get what you pay for
or we pay for it.

ONE YEAR
GUARANTEE

WEAR
DATED

Monsanto

For further information, call or write Miller Bros., 135 West 50th Street, New York City.



Your little car may be putting too big a load on its tires.

A little car's tires have to work harder.

They don't have a big car's weight pressing down on them to help them hold the road.

So they have to supply more traction on their own.

Unfortunately, most little car tires can't.

What's worse, they give you the least traction at precisely those moments when you need the most.

Like when you take a fast curve. Or make a sudden, evasive maneuver.

What happens is, the tires are pulled toward the outside by centrifugal force.

To compensate, their sidewalls must be flexible enough to give. So the tread can stay flat on the road.

But conventional sidewalls are too stiff to give. So the tread actually lifts up a little.

With less tire on the road, there's more of a chance you'll skid.

But there are tires that can give a little car all the extra traction it needs. Pirelli Cinturato radials.

They stay glued to the road. Like the treads of a tank. Because they have flexible sidewalls that give. A result of their radial ply construction.

Which is why they can out-corner, out-maneuver and just plain out-handle conventional bias-ply and bias-belted tires. Especially on wet, slippery roads.

Pirelli's come in sizes to fit just about any American or imported little car you can buy.

And, since little car drivers aren't the only ones who can use more traction, they come in sizes for big cars, too.

Pirelli Cinturatos. They can handle any load a car can put on them.

And that can take a load off your mind.

PIRELLI
Radial Tires

Shopper's special

Shopping means stop-and-go driving. And that can take your engine apart.

Change to the 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil fortified to keep grit out of your engine—when the stopping and going gets rough.

Buy your oil the way you bought your car. Carefully.

Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa. 16301.



the uncommon motor oil
Exceeds car makers'
warranty requirements.

SHOPWALK

Dik-dik feet and goral skins are no joke to Ward's, Taxidermists to the World

If you are a big-game hunter, it could be worthwhile to fit one telegraphic address inside your sun helmet. JUNE 11, 1978. This is the way you get in touch with Messrs. Rowland Ward Ltd., for over 130 years the self-styled "Taxidermists to the Sportsmen of the World." This slogan is not an idle boast. Ninety percent of Rowland Ward's output is exported, and they ship trophies as casually to Mongolia as to Maine. Today half of their clients are Americans and business is flourishing, thanks to the increased popularity of well-organized, government-licensed safari parties in Africa. Since the end of World War II, Ward's has had an office that functions as a receiving point for raw trophies at the City House in Nairobi, Kenya.

Ward's reckons it can handle around 300 shipments a year, including such trophies as bongo heads, dik-dik feet, goral skins and oryx skulls as well as the run-of-the-jungle variety. Each trophy is tailored to the customer's wishes, though some requirements are odder than others. Once Ward's was asked to stuff the newly deceased snake of a "Miss Randam, Snake Charmer and Egyptian Dancer," so that she could continue her act. Another woman came in with a bedraggled stuffed peacock and a vast peacock-feather fan. She explained to a puzzled director that she wanted the fan made even larger, using feathers from the stuffed bird. She turned out to be a striptease fan dancer whose figure had broadened with advancing age. Ward's undertook the commission without further ado.

Anthony Best, one of the directors of the firm, is far from being a stereotyped Bwana Colonel. A handsome young man in a mod button-down pink shirt and pale blue silk tie, he lives, suitably enough, in a village called Bear's Head, and carves miniature furniture in his spare time. There is little point in attempting to enliven a visit to the Rowland Ward Mayfair showroom with stuffy old taxidermy jokes—Best has heard them all. They are, in fact, one of the occupational hazards of a profession that seems to strike the general public as irresistibly comic.

His matter-of-fact attitude is echoed by his works manager, Mr. Arthur Manning, a portly, silver-haired fellow who has been with the firm 50 years. "We are very serious taxidermists here," says Mr. Manning, and tells you that if they are asked to produce an attitude that seems to make fun of an animal instead of preserving its natural dignity, they will refuse the work. "We were asked to do a laughing zebra once," he says. "We turned it down."

The ordinary taxidermist, Manning ex-

plains, will mount animal skins on standardized fiber-glass molds, the client has a choice of a few sizes, half a dozen attitudes, and the result is a completely standardized product. But at Rowland Ward's, meticulous care is taken to make the finished beast truly lifelike.

"We do not *stuff* animals," says Manning. "You don't ask a sculptor or an architect if they stuff things. We build, we sculpt, we don't stuff."

The workshops are a fascinating jumble of horns, rock-hard undressed skins, partly finished zebra-foot lamps, snarling heads and mysterious boxes with labels like "Jawbones for *Onis jobi*." There are a removable floor to accommodate whole elephants and a handy trapdoor in the ceiling through which a giraffe's head may be poked up into the second story. One elephant was so big that they had to dig a two-foot trench to get it indoors.

Taxidermy is not a craft for the impatient, and the hunter shouldn't expect to receive his trophy any time soon after he has made his kill. Small trophies (heads or feet) can be ready in three or four months, but a full-scale animal group (say two tigers and a jackal, complete in jungle foliage with a painted backdrop) could employ the services of several men and might not be ready for over a year.

Taxidermists in general learn to take a long view of things. "Those Irish elk antlers on the wall are one and a quarter million years old," Manning says. "And we have done a handsome mount for a fossilized shark's tooth—14 million years old." It's hard to feel a sense of urgency about such things.

Prices vary widely. If the hunter is determined to make use of everything possible from his animal, the bill for trophies can add up to a tidy sum. For instance, from one elephant, the hunter could order the following: from the four feet a doormat, two, washbasket, tray and stool, from the two tusks a wall-hanging; from the leather of the ears several briefcases, gun cases and checkbook covers, from the body skin some shoes and baggage, from the body skin a couple of upholstered settees, from the vertebra a tobacco pouch, from the hair of the tail a dozen bracelets, from the molar teeth a set of cocktail coasters, from the trunk a pair of doormats and from the tines a wall-mounted hat hook. It would set him back around \$4,500.

"It's always difficult to quote exact prices without seeing the specimen," says Anthony Best. "I mean, the other day we were asked to give a quotation for doing the Loch Ness monster. Of course, if the occasion should arise we would be delighted to undertake the work."

—JANET GRAHAM

At some companies, the assembly line isn't the only place you find interchangeable parts.

Be wary of the organization whose executive lapses too quickly into the "we're-all-little-cogs-in-the-great-big-wheel, we're-all-just-members-of-the-team" brand of thinking.

You've met the guy. If you're young and unlucky, you may have confronted him at a score of job interviews. If you're older, wiser and luckier, you may only have had to listen to him at an infrequent business lunch (where at least he could do you no permanent damage).

At best, he is a bore talking to hear himself talk. More frightening is the possibility that he believes in what he says and represents accurately the shallowness of his company's understanding of the value of *individualism*.

What's wrong with a wheel full of little cogs?

Nothing, as long as you are talking about tractors, not people. But people are not stamped out of stainless-steel, nearly interchangeable with other pieces of stainless-steel.

People think. They grow. They make mistakes and learn. They have ideas. They offer opinions. They share knowledge. They enthuse. They lead. In short, they act like *individuals*.

Would the Minnesota Vikings knock "teamwork"?

Yes. If it meant to them a blind and desperate game of follow-the-leader, as it does to so many institutions.

We think that "teamwork", even

possibility of making mistakes unless they know that you believe a few mistakes on the way to greatness are inevitable.

At 3M, we are committed to a belief in individual worth. And we haven't kept it locked in our hearts as a kind of brotherly secret. A good deal of energy has been devoted to making this clear to all our people.

No machine or committee at 3M ever gave birth to a thing like

pressure sensitive masking tape, or an amazing new office machine that copies color in color.

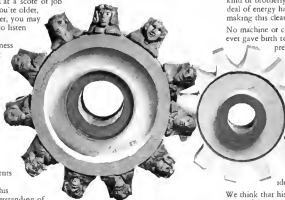
At the heart of each new invention, each production or marketing idea, is an *individual*.

We think that his dedication and spirit of discovery has a direct relation to our dedication to the principle of individual worth.

3M is a continuing success story. Because everybody is *somebody* at 3M.



3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55131



narrowly defined, leaves room for exceptional contribution on the part of exceptional members of the team without diminishing the success of the whole. We'll bet that the Vikings agree with us.


There's a catch to it.

People need the right climate. They simply will not act like individuals unless you treat them like individuals. Mostly, they won't offer opinions unless you make it clear that you are seeking opinions. They certainly aren't going to risk the

If all golf balls are the same...how come our dimples are different?

Our exclusive Titleist K-type construction allowed us to shave our dimples just enough to give the Titleist golf ball extra wallop, extra distance. Just a little shave, yet it earned Titleist \$3,114,185 in official 1970 Tour money.* The next best ball won only \$807,359, and the #3 ball, \$647,711. Which proves that all golf balls are *not* the same. Ours is better.

We don't pay pros to play Titleist, pros play it because it pays off.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT 

Sold thru golf course pro shops only

**Titleist
the
money
ball**



*Source: Certified ball counts taken domestically during the 1970 PGA Tour, 47 events, plus U.S. Open, Masters Championship, Genesis Open.

Sony's new stereo radio comes with 2 invisible speakers.

invisible
speaker



invisible
speaker

Until now portable stereo radios didn't quite make it. They either gave you poor stereo sound or swing-out speakers.

So you wound up with a portable that wasn't very stereo, or a stereo that wasn't very portable.

The solution was obvious.

To keep the weight down and the stereo quality up, we put the speakers inside the radio.

We made them invisible.

Invisible speakers are the core ingredient of Sony's new system. It gets true stereo sound out of the six-pound radio in the picture.

How does it work? The sound is pushed

out of the radio—on both sides. Far beyond its physical boundaries.

So you actually hear the sound coming from where the speakers should be...would be...except they're not.

If the thought of buying a radio with invisible speakers makes you suspect you're being conned, go to your nearest store and check us out.

Naturally, since our speakers are invisible, you won't see the difference.

But, after all, hearing is believing.

**The SONY
invisible speaker
stereo radio**



To honor the 200th birthday of
Time-Life Records presents

BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL

Listen to the first six Beethoven Symphonies recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
under the direction of Herbert von Karajan for 10 DAYS FREE!
(And get a magnificent Beethoven book free if you decide to keep the album!)

Suppose that, tomorrow, a caretaker in Vienna opened a long-forgotten trunk and found in it a completely unknown work by Ludwig van Beethoven.

What excitement there would be! It would be like finding a new play by Shakespeare, a new painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

Recording companies would make astronomical bids for the new work; radio and television stations would build entire programs around it; sales of music scores would rocket! Every man, woman and child in the western world would want to hear the new masterpiece. And own a recording of it!

Of course no such find has been made. Nevertheless, a substantial part of Beethoven's great work remains unknown to many music lovers—including some of the world's most confirmed and avid and dedicated and staunch Beethoven lovers. (And, naturally, every music lover is a Beethoven lover!)

That is why Time-Life Records has joined with the famous Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft recording company of Germany to present a definitive collection of Beethoven's works.

Some years ago, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft embarked upon an historic project. Looking forward to the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, they set out to put together the most comprehensive collection of Beethoven recordings ever assembled. No company was better equipped to accomplish this ambitious task, for DGG is widely regarded as one of the finest recording companies in the world—the standard by which other companies are often judged.

When word of this unique collection reached Time-Life Records, we moved fast. Working closely with DGG, our people reviewed the 75

records the German experts had selected as truly representative of Beethoven's work. Then they selected the fifty they felt would be best received by music lovers in America.

The result—the magnificent BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION! It consists of ten albums of five records each that, like no other collection, present the master at his incomparable best. The nine symphonies alone have already won the Grand Prix du Disque (Paris), the world's most coveted award for recording artistry and quality!

**Pay only \$16.95* for Album I—
if you decide to keep it.**

Listen to Album I—the first six of the nine symphonies—for ten days free without making so much as a penny! See if you don't agree that this is the greatest bargain in the history of classical recordings!

Just send us the attached card and we will enroll you as a subscriber. You will then receive five 12-inch LP stereo records each individually packaged in a polyethylene sleeve, and all boxed in a double-dispense. You can play these records on modern monaural equipment too. The BEETHOVEN BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION is sold only by mail, and only through Time-Life Records.

And, thanks to our large volume of sales, you can get all these records for less than comparable records sold in record stores—even lower than those sold in most discount stores! The selections in your first album, all performed by the great Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Herbert von Karajan, are:

Symphony No. 1 in C Major—The lyrical creation that ushered in a bold, romantic era of innovation.

Symphony No. 2 in D Major—One of the happiest of the master's works, filled with fire.

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major—The mighty "Eroica," which was Beethoven's own favorite.

Symphony No. 4 in B-Flat Major—Humorous and tender, reflecting a happy period in Beethoven's life.

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor—The most famous symphony ever written, it begins in grim struggle and ends in exultant victory.

Symphony No. 6 in F Major—The "Pastoral" is inspired musical painting, with its murmuring brooks, thunderstorms and rustic dancing.

SPECIAL BONUS! Lecture Overture No. 3—The most famous of the overtures to "Fidelio." Its trumpet calls are unforgettable.

Audition the complete Bicentennial Collection without any obligation.

But this album is only the beginning! As a subscriber you receive subsequent albums that will bring a rich feast of Beethoven at his best: the rest of the Nine Symphonies—Overtures and Orchestral Pieces—Concertos—the great Piano Works—Music for the Stage—Choral Music—String Quartets—Chamber Music—Music for Violin and Cello.

You will hear Wilhelm Kempff at the piano; the Vienna Symphony Orchestra; the Amadeus Quartet, the Vienna Choral Society—and other great artists of world renown.

These future Beethoven albums, issued at approximately two-month intervals, will be sent to you to audition and examine. You may return or accept any of these you choose. There is absolutely no obligation to buy a minimum number.

In the history of music, there has never been
a man like Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Before the name of Beethoven we must all bow in reverence."

George Verdi

"The impetuous fury of his strength, which he could quite easily contain and control, but often would not, and the unpossibility of his fun, go beyond anything of the kind to be found in the work of other composers."

George Bernard Shaw

"Bante (he) the great Italian; Shakespeare, the great Englishman; Beethoven, the great German."

Victor Hugo

"He developed (the symphony) to its highest point, doing for it what Rembrandt did for painting."

Arthur Schnitzler

Metropolitan Opera Conductor



"He was ugly and half crazy."

Magdalena Wittmann

In rejecting his proposal

"The great musician of all times is far lower than comparable records sold in record stores—even lower than those sold in most discount stores!"

John D. Williams

Former N.Y. Times music critic

"He has never learned anything, and he can do nothing in recent style."

Albrechtberger

Musical teacher in 1797

"No composer has ever melted his hearers into complete sentimentality by the beauty of his music, and then suddenly turned on them and mocked them with derision from the heights of being much louder."

George Bernard Shaw

"He was a Titan, wrestling with the gods."

Richard Wagner

Never before have there been records like these!



Conductor

Herbert von Karajan

Saturday Review

called him the

most famous

conductor in Europe

and "perhaps the

finest (con-

ductor) of his

generation."

Von Karajan,

who conducts

the first

nine

symphonies, is equally at home in

the great opera houses of the world

and on the concert podiums of

Europe and America. As a Beethoven

interpreter, he inherits the

grand tradition of Toscanini, Furtwängler and Bruno Walter.

The Berlin Philharmonic, it has

been numbered "among the world's

finest symphony orchestras" by

TIME Magazine. Perhaps no other

orchestra in the world can perform

Beethoven with such depth of

understanding and technical brilliance

The Recordings: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. A critic has said, "At Deutsche Grammophon quality is not a philosophy, it is an obsession." Small wonder, then, that the nine symphonies in the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection have already won the famed Grand Prix du Disque (Paris) Deutsche Grammophon's concern with achieving perfection extends all along the multi-stage, intricate process of recording. The results are heard in every Deutsche Grammophon record—hailed by connoisseurs as among the world's finest.



"the great musician of all time"
the magnificent and definitive

NNIAL COLLECTION

Audition Vol. 1, the first
six symphonies plus the
Lenore Overture No. 3 for
10 days FREE. Then pay only

\$16⁹⁵*

if you decide to keep it.
*Plus shipping and handling



The Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

This epoch-making collection has been assembled in 10 Volumes by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and Time-Life Records. It brings you Beethoven at his best in magnificent stereo recordings featuring world-renowned conductors and artists including Herbert von Karajan; Wilhelm Kempff; the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; the Vienna Symphony Orchestra; the Amadeus Quartet—and other outstanding artists.

By responding now you gain a unique opportunity to listen to Vol. 1 for 10 days free. If you decide to keep it you pay only the low \$16.95* price. Or you may return the album and book and owe nothing.

At approximately two-month intervals, subsequent albums will be offered at the same low price and free audition privilege. There is never any obligation for you to purchase additional albums—and no minimum number you must accept.

But here is a unique opportunity for you and your family to sample the very best by the incomparable Beethoven.

Complete Contents of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

VOL. I SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES
PART I
VOL. II SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES
PART 2
VOL. III CONCERTOS
VOL. IV PIANO SONATAS
VOL. V MUSIC FOR THE STAGE
VOL. VI CHORAL MUSIC
VOL. VII STRING QUARTETS
VOL. VIII MUSIC FOR PIANO
VOL. IX CHAMBER MUSIC
VOL. X MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND
CELLO

*Plus shipping and handling

\$25.00 Beethoven Book free with purchase of first six symphonies!

Beethoven lovers will revel in this big, exquisitely designed and printed book that covers the master and his work in fascinating detail.

Both text and pictures were prepared in cooperation with the famed Beethoven Archive in Germany. It includes much material that had never been available to the public before!

It will be shipped to you free when you order Album I of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection. And it is yours to keep—free—if you decide to keep the record album.

Here is just a sampling of the riches this superb volume contains:

- An absorbing chronicle of Beethoven's life and times.
- Authoritative essays and discussions of every aspect of his work.
- Reproductions of the original scores of many of Beethoven's greatest compositions, written and annotated in his own hand.
- An illuminating article on Beethoven's way of life and character.
- And much, much more!



Book measures
12 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches,
275 pages and
150 color plates.

Are you unconsciously telling your boss you can't handle a bigger job?

More and more businessmen are finding themselves working at two full-time jobs. The one they were hired to do. And the one that all their paperwork has forced them to do.

So while you're working all hours to keep up with your paperwork load, your boss might well be thinking that you're not aware you should be doing things like coming up with ideas, solving problems, making decisions, supervising and motivating your people.

And how can he increase your responsibilities when that would add to your paperwork? And the added paperwork might keep you from carrying out the new responsibilities.



A system combining the IBM Remote Microphone Network and the IBM MT/ST permits immediate dictation to a more powerful, more productive typing station.

Well, IBM has a complete range of word processing machines that can help you. What they do basically is help you and your secretary get your ideas down on paper and into action in a lot less time and with a lot less effort. Which gives you more time to do the things your boss expects of you.

Now you may not need all of our machines and systems to accomplish this. Maybe what you and your department need is some IBM magnetic dictation equipment, an IBM Magnetic Tape Selectric® Typewriter and perhaps an IBM Copier.

Using our dictation equipment together with our MT/ST has helped people turn out their

paperwork up to 50% faster.

On the other hand, the problems in your department might be tied in with problems in other departments and require a more elaborate word processing solution.





Whatever your needs we won't just leave you to puzzle them out all by yourself. An IBM Office Products Division Representative will work with you. He specializes in finding the right solutions to people's word processing problems.

Call him before you get jammed up with any more paperwork. He'll be glad to come, talk with you and make some recommendations.

IBM Word Processing Machines helping people get their thoughts into action.

Office Products Division

IBM



If Avis is going to be No.1, we've got to dress the part.



Charlette Benson
New York

May Thrasher
Dallas

Jane Hawkins
Phoenix

Dorcas Gallows
Miami

Mrs. Jack Kachel
Pittsburgh

A top American designer has created a brand new line of outfits for Avis employees. These outfits are nice to wear from the inside. And fun to look at from the outside.

So renting a sparkling new Plymouth from Avis will be an even more pleasant experience.

And even if you don't want to rent a car, stop by anyway. We'll show you our new way of filling out forms.

Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.

SCORECARD

Edited by FRANK DEFORD

HEADLINE2 OF THE WEEK

From the Baltimore *Evening Sun*:

CATONSVILLE NINE FACES LEGION
No, the Berrigan brothers and their seven contemporaries have not taken on the whole American Legion. It seems only, the story reveals, that the Catonsville A.C. will open its baseball season in an exhibition game against the Dewey Lowman American Legion team.

Even the Vietnam war is not as old as baseball.

MR. HAYWOOD, MEET MR. McQUAY

Last week the University of Tampa's record-breaking running back, Leon McQuay, signed with the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian League. A college junior, McQuay forfeited a year's eligibility to take what Tampa officials call "quick money"—something like \$30,000, it is rumored. McQuay could have gone high in the NFL draft next year; indeed, he may have been among the first two or three players selected.

Toronto Coach Leo Cahill maintains that McQuay has been on the Argonauts' negotiating list for a year and that any Canadian team will grab a collegian who wants to take money before his class graduates. McQuay's signing sets no precedent, although he is the best player to quit college for a Canadian club. Bo Scott, a Cleveland Browns running back, and Margene Atkins, a split end with the Dallas Cowboys, were both with the Ottawa Rough Riders before playing out their options and returning to the U.S. Vic Washington is trying to make the San Francisco 49ers after three years in Canada. All started professionally north of the border before their college terms ran out.

Bill Fulcher, the Tampa coach, plans to file a complaint with the CFL, but it would seem that he is whistling in the dark. It is Tampa's own U.S. courts that are, effectively, on the Canadian side. The decision in the Spencer Haywood basketball case supported the contention that no athlete is required to

wait until his college eligibility is up before turning pro. Indeed, the McQuay affair suggests what was not apparent before, that the disposition of the Haywood case may have greater reach in football than in basketball. Instead of prepping for the NFL in college, many undergraduate stars may find it more rewarding to quit college—or skip it altogether if they are especially precocious—play for a nice salary in Canada until their option runs out, and then move on to the NFL. Predictable protests from the NFL and colleges about "the value of a college education," as stirring as they may sound, would seem to be so much breast-beating. Whereas the NFL used to be able to put a little informal pressure on the CFL to leave U.S. collegians alone, our courts have put an end to that. McQuay and Haywood could become the leaders in a mighty rush of very young and talented athletes to turn pro.

THREE-POR-ONE

Beating the trading deadline, the San Francisco Zoo has dealt the Oakland Zoo one water buffalo in exchange for a sun bear and two cage hunting dogs.

And a minor-league aardvark to be named later?

CHANNEL VIII

Here's a tip. The hit of the summer TV season will be a six-part British drama series entitled *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. It will begin on CBS in July, but recently the series was shown in Canada on the CBC and—here's the clue—Henry and his wives rivaled NHL ratings. When the show was preempted for hockey, the network was deluged with complaints. For hockey to suffer that sort of indignity in Canada must be rare indeed. And TV drama hasn't made news like that since *Heintz* busted up a good game.

Incidentally, TV pro football is as prosperous as ever despite the loss of cigarette advertising. The ABC Monday night games are already sold out, and commercial time sales for the pro sched-

ules at both CBS and NBC are slightly ahead of last year's figures. The ABC college football schedule is also attracting advertisers in advance of the 1970 pace. Meanwhile, ABC has convinced the Sugar Bowl that it will draw a greater national audience by moving its kickoff time up to 11 o'clock on New Year's Day morning. Unfortunately, with the lackluster attractions the Sugar Bowl has been featuring lately, ABC could piggyback the game with Guy Lombardo and still have a hangover.

FIRE OURS

In perhaps the most tactless promotion in the history of sports, the Cleveland Indians observed Mother's Day by presenting several thousand moms with cans of Right Guard deodorant.

FACES IN THE SQUASH

The newest promotion for athletes is to reproduce their faces faithfully and in full color on children's plates. It used to be that when a kid wouldn't polish off his spinach, Mother would say, "Eat all your food. Remember all those starving children in China." What with all the



Ping-Pong accounts of well-fed Chinese, however, this has been a tough bit for mommies to pull off lately. The athlete dinner plates have come along in the nick of time. Now Mom can say, "Eat all your food if you want to see Johnny Bench."

AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

We live in a world where it is possible to know, exactly, the mass of the planet Mars and the length of the San

continued

Andreas Fault. We know precisely how deep is the ocean, how high is the sky. Mankind is even guaranteed that Miss America is 36-23-36 and Mrs. Onassis wears size 10-A shoes. Yet no man alive can say with assurance whether Lew Alcindor is 7' 2" or 7' 6", whether or not Bubba Smith weighs 295 and Warren McVea 185. These facts alone are beyond the comprehension of modern man.

Just a teeny-weensy favor: Could not the NFL and those bein'rothed—the NBA and the ABA—and for that matter, organized baseball and the NHL and all those others who stand before us selling tickets—provide us with certified correct information regarding the size of their players? It would be no imposition for commissioners' offices to require all pro athletes to be weighed and measured at the start (at least) of each season in the presence of a league official and members of a free press.

All in favor say aye. Opposed? The ayes have it.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

Apparently, there are no clean waters left anywhere in the world. Not long ago *Swimming World* magazine in California received a rather anxious letter from a coach in Mauritius, an island almost in the middle of the dreamy-blue Indian Ocean. The letter concluded: "Sorry for disturbing you once more, but . . . there are petrol and oil all over the sea, and I've wondered if training in such conditions will be harmful to our health. This is why we need expert advice."

EVERYONE'S OUT OF STEP BUT TECH

Rising costs coupled with changing student tastes have made the deemphasizing of college athletics a national epidemic. For many years football—the most expensive sport—was just about the only casualty of budget cuts. Now nothing is safe. NYU canned basketball and track, and last week the University of Vermont eliminated baseball. In a search for more revenue at the University of Minnesota the board of regents has questioned the authority of the Big Ten to control the use of Minnesota facilities. To be blunt, the regents want the rent money they would get if the NFL Vikings were permitted use of the university's Memorial Stadium.

Contrary to all this is the single exception of Virginia Tech—or, specifical-

ly, Tech President T. Marshall Hahn Jr. Called "dynamic" by his admirers, "a hot dog" by others, Dr. Hahn, 45, believes that nothing attracts national attention to a college so much as a major sports program. He has set out precisely to implement this belief.

While Frank Moseley remains as athletic director at Tech, he is dismissed as a "bookkeeper" by those at the school. The real A.D. is President Hahn. He has fired one winning coach, Jerry Claiborne (61-39-2 in football), and helped ease out another, Howe Shannon (104-66 in basketball), and replaced them with his own choices. Don DeVoe, former Ohio State assistant, is the new basketball coach, and Charlie Coffey is the new football coach and heir apparent as athletic director. Coffey, formerly assistant at Arkansas, has hired one of the most high-powered staffs in college history, with assistants from Arkansas, Florida, Florida State and UCLA. He even got the former Arkansas trainer to come to Tech.

In addition Hahn hired Chuck Relhe, the Tennessee track coach and recruiter, at a whopping salary. He will back up Coffey as an administrator in the new high-pressure Tech setup. President Hahn has turned so much around in his shot at the big time that it should come as no surprise that he even sanctioned a change in the school colors.

REGISTER WOMEN, NOT GUNS

Last week Donald E. Rudgren, a professional hunter in Tanzania, said: "Women are much cooler about killing than men. In 12 years I've had lots of women on safari with their husbands. Even those without any hunting experience are usually calmer with game in their sights than their husbands are. No shaking, no twitching, nothing."

"I've seen it happen so many times. This little woman will come into camp and say, 'Who, me? Why, I could never kill one of those poor animals.' But put a gun in her hands and watch the change come over her. I had one woman on safari who had never fired a weapon of any kind before in her entire life. So we went out, and in all the time we were out she let go just 10 shots—and got eight animals."

"Think about some of the murders you've read about. Usually, you'll find that the coldest, goriest ones are committed by women."

BAD TRIP

The AAU has rushed to put down rumors that it will coerce U.S. athletes to compete at the Pan-American Games in Colombia in August. Since a great many of the best U.S. track and field performers and swimmers do not want to compete there, Colombia is in danger of having a second-rate U.S. team and hence a second-rate Games.

There are several reasons why the U.S. stars do not want to go to South America. First, the Games are sure to be inhumane competitively, and the American performers would rather work against the top world competition in Europe. Second, the athletes prefer the independence they enjoy when traveling more on their own in Europe. Third, particularly for the swimmers, the Pan-Ams are scheduled at a bad time, since the U.S. Nationals follow one week after Colombia. (Or perhaps the Nationals are at a bad time.) Jim Coonselman, coach of the Indiana wonder team, explains why none of his record-breakers will be going: "Swimmers going to the Pan-Am Games will be gone 3½ weeks. They would miss that much training, and I think 90% of them wouldn't do well when they came back for the Nationals."

Flag-waving appeals will not improve the team either. "Get out of here," says one track ace. "You don't run for your country in these kind of things. You run for a bunch of old men on an organizing committee."

THEY SAID IT

• Rick Forzano, Navy football coach, after scouting Notre Dame's spring game: "They are so big they can double-team us with one man."

• Joe Axelson, Cincinnati Royals general manager, on NBA-ABA competition: "I can't speak for any other team in the NBA, but we will not go after any ABA player. But if they get one of ours, we're going to get Mel Daniels [of Indiana]. I've got an open checkbook from Max Jacobs to get Daniels. We won't go after him on our own, but if somebody's going to gore our ox, we're going to gore theirs."

• Dick (Digger) Phelps, new Notre Dame basketball coach, on how he got that nickname: "My father is an undertaker, and I worked for him part-time. There were advantages to the job. For instance, while I was dating my wife I sent her flowers every day." **END**

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insurance deal in town.
If you just
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It's tough to have an anonymous-sounding name in today's competitive world.

There are lots of companies with "Mutual" in their name. Quite a few with "Benefit." And, of course, hundreds with the word "Life."

So we've gone to extra trouble to help you remember our name: Mutual Benefit Life.

We think you should know who we are. Because there's only one company that does business the way we do. Our company.

Ask your accountant, lawyer or banker about our reputation.

We've built it on the quality of our policies. And on the caliber of the men who represent us.

We've built it on our record of promptness in paying benefits and in handling requests for service.

Besides, over the past 126 years we've pioneered some of the more liberal contract provisions in the industry.

So, what we provide is memorable. Mutual Benefit Life. A name to remember.



THERE ARE TIMES AT JACK DANIEL'S when you can't do anything but sit and wait. So that's exactly what we do.

You see, every drop of Jack Daniel's is gentled for days through ten-foot vats of finely packed charcoal. Called charcoal mellowing, this time-taking Tennessee process is the old, natural way of smoothing out whiskey...and there's nothing a man can do to speed it along. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad the folks in our hollow are content to do nothing when that's what's called for.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
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TV TALK

ABC and Announcer Chris Schenkel foul out with their coverage of NBA series

It is unlikely that sport has ever been presented so drably in prime time as it was in this year's coverage of the NBA championships on ABC. It was a shoddy effort in all respects, from thought to execution. The choice of Chris Schenkel as play-by-play man on several of the telecasts was most unfortunate. He has become a source of despair to basketball fans for his failure to appreciate the sport's nuances and his obvious unwillingness to do the necessary homework to overcome this deficiency. Keith Jackson, who worked two of the final games, succeeded mostly in comparison.

The only real competence exhibited on the telecasts came from Jack Twyman. In his role of analyst during color coverage of the series, he was his usual crisp, candid self. Unhappily, ABC also saddled him with the chore of conducting interviews, never one of Twyman's strong suits, during the drawn-out halftime periods. Since ABC offered nothing innovative or imaginative to fill these voids, the result was a series of dreary courtesies exchanges, many in the form of congratulations and compliments for people like the NBA commissioner and various club owners. Premeditated tedium of the worst kind.

ABC must be in something of a daze by now. On the heels of the atrocious NBA coverage came word that Jackson, perhaps the best play-by-play man on any of the networks, is being dropped from next fall's Monday night NFL games for another pretty face, Frank Gifford, the recent transferee from CBS. It is easy to tell which one is Gifford. He's the one who isn't Kyle Rote.)

The essential fault with ABC's coverage of the playoffs was that it approached a basketball game exactly as it does a football game—when, in fact, the problems involved are quite different. Football is a well-constructed drama, with neat scenes and acts (plays and drives). Basketball is more like a ballet, fluid and cumulative. Thus, quoting football-type statistics as clues to the ultimate outcome, as ABC did, was patently misleading. And much of what decades a basketball game takes place away from the ball, particularly—in a contest featuring Lew Alcindor—under the basket. Yet neither ABC's cameras nor its announcers isolated this phase of the action, a failure that misrepresented the whole series by ignoring its dominant force. Replays were used mainly to second-guess officials instead of to capture the grace and precision of the performers.

CBS's technique for the ABA finals was just as inspired, but the insight and wit of Bones McKimney, the color man, made it more tolerable.

Basketball deserves better.

—FRANK DETORD

Lime Rock, Conn., May 8th—American Motors' Javelin races to five-lap victory over Mustang and Camaro, in SCCA Trans-Am.

A specially prepared and equipped Javelin took this year's first Trans-Am road race the same way it took Bridgehampton, Elkhart Lake and St. Jovite last year—with Mark Donohue as the winning driver.

Donohue held the lead for the entire 200 mile race, finishing more than five laps ahead of the runner-up Mustang.

Camaro captured third place.

The Trans-Am series, a grueling test of a car's handling qualities, endurance and reliability, holds its second event on May 31, at Bryar Motorsport Park, Loudon, New Hampshire.

Said Donohue, "The way this car's going now, I'm looking forward to another win. I can hardly wait."

And needless to say, neither can we.

■ American Motors

If you're going to buy a sporty car, buy one that's going places.



A DREAM COMES TRUE

It was advertised as the Dream Mile, and though for the contestants it often seemed like the Nightmare Marathon the race lived up to its billing as Marty Liquori held off Jim Ryun on the last turn to win **by PAT PUTNAM**

For the first three-eighths of a mile, it could have been just another hominum footrace between a bunch of guys named Smith and Jones—or, as it turned out, Savage and Mosser. For weeks people in Philadelphia had been promoting the long-awaited match-up between Jim Ryun and Marty Liquori as the Dream Mile. But last Sunday, when the leader, a Manhattan College freshman named Joe Savage, idled past the three-eighths mark with Morgan Mosser of West Virginia on his heels, the fans began to wonder if they had come to the right stadium. Which was about the same time Jim Ryun was wondering why he was running so slowly, so he shifted gears and led the field through a 2:03.3 half-mile. "I thought the pace was too slow," he said later. "I hadn't done much speed work, and I didn't think I was ready for an all-out 220 at the end. I guess Marty had the same thoughts. We both figured the way to win was with a long, fast, last half mile."

Equally annoyed by the dawdling pace, Liquori fell in two strides behind Ryun. For 110 yards he waited for Ryun to turn it on. When he didn't, Liquori did, although it didn't make him happy. "Too soon to be out in front," he thought. He glanced over his shoulder and there was Ryun, gliding along a few steps to the rear. Liquori hit the three-quarters in three minutes flat. "Oh, my God," he thought. "It's still too slow." He knew what Ryun could do off that kind of pace, but he wasn't sure what he could do. "He's just sitting on my shoulder," Liquori thought, "and any moment he's going to eat me up."

Liquori, who had covered the third quarter in 56.3, kept glancing back over his shoulder. "I was running scared,"

he said. "That damn slow pace. It suddenly came to mind how he had blown so many other people, mature people like Keino and Bodo Tumenler, right off the track. I was going to sprint when he pulled up on my shoulder, but he never did until the last 110 yards."

"He's dying now," Ryun thought. "He's coming back to me." Emerging from the last turn into the straightaway, Ryun made his move. He inched up to Liquori's right shoulder, hung there for a moment (see cover) and then fell back half a step. "There was nothing there," Ryun said. "I was dead. Right then I knew that whoever stood up at the finish line would win."

"Lord, where's the finish line!" Liquori was thinking. He thought he saw it 20 yards ahead, but when he arrived at that point there were still 10 more yards to be run.

"Right there," he said, "I was worried. But I reached down and found just enough to throw myself at the tape. I'm afraid I had a funny expression on my face. It was just incredible. But I didn't want to seem too happy. Then, I thought, that's not me. And I got happy."

Both ran the last quarter in 54.6 and, somehow, both were clocked in 3:54.6, although Ryun was a step behind. It was the fastest mile in the world since 1968. It was the fastest mile ever run in the East. It was the fastest mile Liquori had ever run—by 2.6 seconds. Most remarkable, however, was that Liquori was able to hold off Ryun's challenge since, on paper, Ryun is much faster; for example, his personal best for a quarter-mile relay leg is 46.9, compared to Liquori's 49 flat.

After the finish Charlie Greene, the sprinter, turned to Lee Evans, the 440

pace, and shook his head. "Do you realize they sprinted the last 600 yards?" he said. "Six hundred yards. It's unbelievable."

"They must have some kind of guts," was what Evans said.

"Guts?" Liquori said. "What it was was just one long grind." Then he grinned. "I think I'm still waiting for Jim to blow past me. The whole last lap I kept thinking of all the typical places where people make their move. Like going into the backstretch or coming off the final turn. I just kept thinking, when he comes, be ready, be ready. Ready? I was dead."

"I knew he was," Ryun said. "But when I was just to pass him, I found I was dead, too. He ran a great race."

"Don't think that makes me confident," Liquori said. "I didn't have that much going in and I don't have much now. I only won by a yard, and so many things can happen to change that yard. It could be different next week."

Then Liquori ran his victory lap, kicked at a carton, caught a spike and fell. He came up laughing. "I do that all the time in practice," he said.

After what he and Ryun had been put through in the last two weeks, nothing could face him. For them the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. International Freedom Games' Dream Mile at Franklin Field had turned into a nightmare marathon of endless phone calls, taped interviews and picture-taking sessions. When the press roared into action the Dream Mile was suddenly the Super Mile, an event, one reporter informed

continued

Liquori exits as he finishes in 3:54.6, the fastest mile since 1968, with Ryun a yard back.





his readers, of no less consequence than Frazier vs. Ali or Namath vs. Baltimore. Others viewed it as a rematch of David and Goliath, with perhaps just a dash of the *Triumph* once more steaming toward the iceberg. Ah, nuts, said those in the know. Ryun and Liquori.

"Super Mile!" said Ryun the day before the race. "Gee, just once I'd like to see them call it The Mile for a change. I think it's great that there's so much interest in the sport, but I think a lot of people are trying to see a lot of things in this race that aren't there."

For one, it was suggested that Ryun was seeking revenge for his two losses to Liquori in 1969. "Nonsense," said Ryun. "Marty is a great athlete and I respect him as a miler. But for me this is merely another race in a series that will help me make a decision about Munich. If Marty feels that this race is the pinnacle of his career, then I feel sorry for him. Until now my comeback, if you can call it that, has been fun. But now this, all the pressures of the publicity..."

For Liquori it was neither the pinnacle of his career nor much fun. The pressures overwhelmed him. "I don't know why," he said. "It's no good. It's weird, I'm worried about shooting a game of pool." Tuesday night he even considered going to a movie with his buddies, something he hasn't done in four years at Villanova.

On Wednesday afternoon Liquori met Patsy Smithwick, a senior at nearby Rosemont College and a close friend of his fiancée, Carol Jones. "In the four years I've known him," Patsy said later, "I'd never seen him like that. You know how measured and calculated his actions, his words are. Well, he was sort of jumpy. I asked him what was wrong. He said he didn't know. Then I started talking, just chattering about nothing. After about 15 minutes he said, 'You know, it worked. I haven't thought about the race for 15 whole minutes.'"

Meanwhile, in Eugene, Ore. Ryun was trying to live normally but was having small success. "Every time I turned around, there was either a phone call or a writer at the door," he said. "One national TV crew even called and said it just happened to be in the neighbor-

hood and would I mind if they dropped by. 'In the neighborhood?' In Eugene?"

"As a child I can remember wanting to participate in something spectacular. I didn't want to be a hero. I just wanted to be on the inside to see what was happening. Well, now I'm involved in something that's supposed to be spectacular, and I'm wondering what the athletes involved in all these other spectaculars must have been thinking."

A staff photographer for the Bohemian Lumber Co., Ryun worked the first three days of the week, then he, his wife Anne and their baby, Heather, fled to San Francisco. Thursday morning they flew to Cleveland and spent two days with Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Snider. "Jim just relaxed and ate strawberry shortcake," said Betty Snider.

"I thought about the race on Wednesday, and then forgot about it," Ryun said. "You have to. And I kept the same training routine I've used all year. Three weeks of hard training and then a week of rest before a race."

By resting he means he may run 10 or 15 miles a day, but at a leisurely pace. Ryun's mile against Liquori was only his sixth race of the year. It would be Liquori's 28th race, including relays, and he was worried that such a heavy schedule may have taken too much out of him.

"In a way I think this is a race where I have nothing to win and everything to lose," said Liquori. "I mean if I win, people will say it was because Ryun isn't in top shape yet. If I lose they'll say, well, we told you if Ryun had been around, Liquori would never have won all those races he did."

"It's hard to recognize but, see, Jim became a hero for many people, and when I came up and started chipping away at the monument, I became somewhat of a villain. It's something I couldn't help, but people wanted to hang onto their old favorite rather than tie their emotions to a flashy new kid from the East. In the end people kept trying to shoot me down because I beat Jim rather than give me encouragement. What they don't understand is that I never said I was better than he is. I think if we ran 10 races, neither of us would win them all."

By Friday, Liquori had begun to relax. Carol was due that night. He was even able to joke about Sunday's race. "It's funny," he said, "but I'm finally

getting back into my normal routine for a race—you know, worrying about Carol getting down here. It's been two years since I've seen Jim and only three weeks since I've seen Carol and, no offense to Jim—I mean, he's good-looking and a nice guy and all—but I'm looking forward more to seeing Carol than Jim."

"I know one thing: He can be beaten. I have to keep remembering that. I have to fight getting into the same rut everyone was in two years ago—you know, how no one could touch Ryun. I keep getting flashbacks like that, and people keep talking about how he's going to beat me. He might. I respect him a lot. But that doesn't mean I fear him. People always built up big races between him and whomever, and he always blew them off the track. But his reputation really doesn't mean anything to me now. If he's better, he's better. But I've felt him on my shoulder and I've felt him drop off, so probably better than anyone, I know he can be beat."

By the eve of the race Liquori was so relaxed he took Carol out for a steak sandwich and a pepperoni pizza. Ryun ate an uninterrupted dinner with his family at the Old Original Bookbinder's. He wanted to order lobster but decided a steak would be more fitting. Then he went back to his hotel for a conference with Bob Timmons, his former coach at Kansas, who still sets up his training program. "It was a nice evening," Ryun said before disappearing into an elevator. "I hope tomorrow is just as nice."

It wasn't. Sunday came in gray, wet and cold, and for Ryun there also was defeat. "But it's no big deal," he said. "I'm real pleased with my time. It's early yet. Now, if Marty had won in something like four minutes, then I'd be really disgusted with myself."

In his moment of triumph Liquori waded philosophic. "Have you read *Babe New World*?" he asked. "Everyone is happy, but I don't think they could know what real happiness was because they never did without. They never knew the relief of crossing a finish line and knowing you've realized the fruits of your labor. That's happiness. But they were happy all the time. They couldn't define anything outside it. For them there was no satisfaction because there's no satisfaction without a struggle first and deprivation. When I won today, after all the work I've done—that's happiness. And that's reality."

END

Head down, Ryun walks up track alone after his defeat, while Liquori erupts with delight.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL LIFFER

¡ARRIBA! CANONERO DOES IT AGAIN

The underrated Kentucky Derby winner took the Preakness just as convincingly and became a mighty threat to win racing's Triple Crown
by WHITNEY TOWER

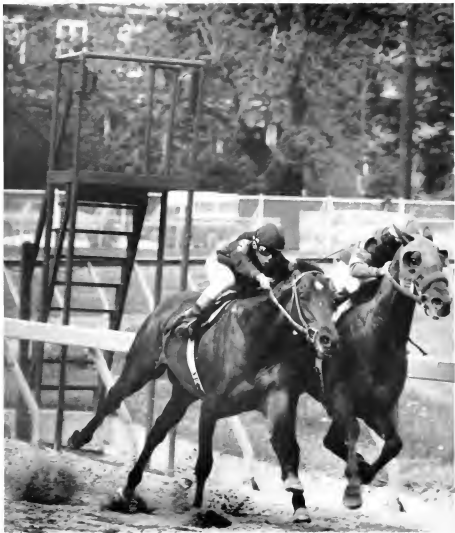
The first Triple Crown race of the year, that one in Louisville a couple of weeks ago, was wistfully regarded by most horsemen as a joke. Twenty 3-year-olds thrashing around Churchill Downs, the better ones stumbling over one another on the inside while some lucky field horse named Canonero II caught up with them in the stretch to win in slowpoke time, leaving thousands of sour-grapes losers mourning at the absurdity of the scene and openly suggesting that the injured Hoist The Flag, cast and all, could have whipped the whole bloody lot. That was the Establishment version. The Kentucky Derby-winning usurper from Caracas would get his comeuppance at the Preakness, was the word. If miraculously he did the same thing all over again against a smaller field—including some colts he had not faced in Louisville—then, and only then, would it be time to sit up and take notice.

The tendency to dismiss the Venezuelan horse as a freak vanished when Preakness week at Baltimore's Pimlico racecourse became Canonero fiesta time, and almost every newsworthy incident in the days before last Saturday's 96th running of the mile-and- $\frac{1}{2}$ -gths classic cen-

Continued

Canonero (second from right) passed Eastern Fleet in the stretch after head-to-head duel.





tered around Canonero and his emotional entourage. As the caravan of horsemen moved from Louisville to Baltimore, Canonero's detractors snickered. The change in altitude, they predicted, would catch up with him. Speed horses, they continued, would have an advantage in the Preakness, and at its shorter distance a come-from-behind plodder like Canonero would never be able to make it in time. Never mind, replied the Venezuelans, behind confident Latino smiles. "They laughed at us in Louisville," said Trainer Juan Arias, "and they are laughing at us in Baltimore. But at Preakness time it is we who will be laughing at the whole racing world."

Yet nothing appeared to be in Canonero's favor. Again he had to make a long van ride. He bumped his head and cut himself. He ran a slight temperature. A week before the Preakness he refused to eat his evening meal, and it turned out he had been cutting his tongue on his teeth. A vet was called and two baby teeth were extracted. An important training work had to be delayed a day or two, and when it did come off it broke watches going backwards: five furlongs in a terribly slow 1:06, galloping out six furlongs in 1:22, clockings which would have led most trainers to feel that they should skip the Preakness and maybe even Turnip Patch Downs and take a shot at Bangkok or New Delhi.

The sharpness of the Pimlico turns,

Arias conceded, "will make it more difficult for Canonero because he is a large horse with a long stride, but we are not bothered or disturbed." So undisturbed and so confident were the Canonero people that 24 hours before the Preakness they schooled the son of Pretendre (who was packed up for the pocket-money price of \$1,200 out of a Keeneland fall sale) not only in the paddock but also in the winner's circle, "just so he would get accustomed to the noise of the crowd and the sight of the cameras."

Most rival trainers and racing writers thought little of the Derby winner's chances in the Preakness, but outspoken Johnny Campo, trainer of Jim French (the People's Choice, with Canonero), put things in proper perspective. After telling the press that the race would be between his colt and Executioner, Campo added, "Not all horses like to work, and not all trainers like to work their horses fast. If Canonero wins the Preakness, it means he's the best horse, that's all."

And that's what he was at Pimlico last Saturday—the best horse. A heavy sentimental favorite, Canonero wrote an astonishing chapter in Preakness history. Not only did he startle everyone in the crowd of 47,211 by changing his running strategy under the brilliant guidance of Jockey Gustavo Avila, but when he flashed home a length and a half in front of Calumet Farm's Eastern Fleet (fourth

to him in the Derby), he had broken a 16-year-old track record. Nashua's victory over Saratoga in the 1955 Preakness was timed in 1:54½. In the years since, that record had been challenged by gifted runners—Bold Ruler, Tim Tam, Curry Back, Candy Spots, Northern Dancer, Tom Rolfe, Damascus, Forward Pass and Majestic Prince, to name a few—but it remained secure until Canonero came thundering under the wire in 1:54 flat.

It always seemed probable that the 11-horse Preakness would be an exciting race. The field included the first four finishers in the Derby and had been beefed up by such non-Derby starters as Executioner, the improving Sound Off and Limit To Reason. The smaller field meant that nobody could complain about post position. It would be a true race. It was assumed that Eastern Fleet and Executioner, along with Sound Off, would be the early speed. The main contenders, Jim French and maybe Canonero, would be way back waiting to pour it on around the final turn and down the stretch. Nothing was going to be very complicated. It would be an easy race to follow from start to finish.

Moments before the start Calumet Trainer Reggie Cornell said, jokingly, of Eastern Fleet, "We're going in there swinging today." How right he was. When Eastern Fleet lurched from the gate he should have been penalized 15 yards for clipping his neighbor, Executioner, in the first stride. That was pretty much the ball game for Executioner, but Eastern Fleet was off and running and ahead of the pack as it passed the stands the first time. But who was that running just behind him? No, it couldn't be. But, yes, it was. Canonero, who had come from 18th place in the unwieldy Derby field, had switched tactics and elected to force the issue from the start. There he was, just off Eastern Fleet's flank, wheeling into the first turn and outrunning speed horse Sound Off, while the others were back about where they were supposed to be. Arias had not been as idle as his horse at Pimlico. He and Avila had paid attention when translators tipped them off: "There's a lot of speed in this race, and you have to stay close. It's your only chance."

Close was putting it mildly. As Eddie Maple swung Eastern Fleet into the backstretch he had a double take, and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COORE



Eastern Fleet (right) swerved badly leaving the starting gate and poked off Executioner.



In hectic post-race interview were (from left) Trainer Arias, Owner Baptista, Jockey Avila, an interpreter and harassed announcer Jack Whitaker.

later confessed, "I was surprised to see the winner beside me so soon." They went all the way together, separated by only a nose as they hit the far turn. Rapid fractions were flashing on the board: 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds for the first quarter, :47 for the half mile, 1:10 $\frac{3}{4}$ for six furlongs, and even before the mile time of 1:35 flicked on, the wise guys in the stands chortled. "They're killing each other off and setting it up perfectly for Jim French," who, incidentally, was dawdling along in sixth and seventh place for most of the early scrimmage.

But the amazing thing about this crazy mile in 1:35 was that the leaders weren't setting it up for anybody but themselves. Eastern Fleet finally subsided, quite reluctantly, before the astonishing finishing kick of Canonero, the colt who likes to work out in trotting-horse time. Jim French came along, as he usually does, with a late run good enough to get him third place but still $\frac{4}{5}$ lengths behind Eastern Fleet and only a nose ahead of Sound Off. Behind that 11-to-1 shot came, in order, Bold Reason, Executioner, Royal J.D., Vegas Vic, Impetuosity, Spouting Horn and the disappointing Limit To Reason.

And now Canonero goes to New York's Belmont Stakes in June, at last recognized as a potent and legitimate contender for the Triple Crown. If he succeeds, he will be the first to do so since Citation in 1948. His people, from

Owner Pedro Baptista, Trainer Arias and Jockey Avila down to their growing guest list of Venezuelan friends and diplomats, changed in a few frantic moments last week from objects of buffoonery to respected horsemen. It was a well-deserved transition. Avila, whose mother and his other fans call him The Monster because he wins important "clasicos" in Caracas that he is not expected to, is an accomplished reinsman reminiscent of Britain's Lester Piggott; his backside points skyward during the early running of his races. In the Derby, he said, he had hit Canonero only twice. In the Preakness, the winner was hit more frequently, but Avila said the horse finished strong. "Going to the front is not my usual style. I like to come from behind, as we did in Kentucky. But the horse won the race, I didn't. This is a great one."

Arias, unlike Avila, was almost as unknown in his own country before the Derby as was Canonero in the U.S., but even after the Preakness he could not hide his resentment at his North American reception. "They made me feel like I was at the Derby to be a clown," the trainer complained. "They made fun of us at parties. There have been times when I wanted to tell the press to go to the devil, but I contained myself. Now I can do like your Campo and go 'bla, bla, bla!' Here in the United States the trainers think they know everything and

that we trainers from other parts are supposed to be here to learn. I have shown these people a few things about training. In the U.S., for instance, everyone trains by the stopwatch. Speed is the big thing. They train so much for speed that the horses get out there and crash into each other. But the stopwatch is a relative thing. In Venezuela I take every horse individually and train it according to its needs and to the requirements of the race."

The requirements of the race at Pimlico last week were demanding and were splendidly met, and Arias, who only once has been in the top 10 trainers in his own country, will go home now to be met by his fellow trainers, who, by tradition, will cut off his tie and parade him through the streets of Caracas. Avila, who got 12 hours of sleep before the Preakness and predicted victory all along after noticing that Canonero was calmer than he ever had been in Caracas, said, after 17 years as a jockey and winning both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, "I have nothing more. Everything else now is anticlimactic. My only challenge is to maintain what I have accomplished."

The next challenge for Canonero II, Avila and Arias is the mile and a half at Belmont Park on the afternoon of June 5. Bring your Venezuelan flag. It may be the In thing at Belmont this year. **END**

TIGHTENING-UP AT 'THE FENS'

The Boston Red Sox have given up their gorilla offense in that compact thrill house known as Fenway Park. In its place is a snappy new defense that so far works as well at home as it does on the road by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Even in Baltimore the new act may draw. It features the Orioles and the Boston Red Sox, and last week, when the two teams were playing to a stand-off in Boston—2-0 for the Sox, 7-4 for the Orioles—Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver was looking forward to their next meeting this weekend at home. "There could be 35,000 people in the stands," Weaver said. Then he added, "And 25,000 of them will be there to boo me."

The excitement was genuine. Not since the summer of 1967, when the Red Sox, Tigers, Twins and White Sox battled to a blistering finish, and Boston, the long shot, nailed the pennant on the final day, has there been so much interest in the American League, East or West, and part of the reason was the unexpected performance of Weaver's unwarlike warriors. Before the Orioles had even gone to spring training this year, the championship was conceded to them. Then the season began, and after a while Baltimore proceeded to play like the second-best team in the American League East and forget all that silly business about being "The Best Damned Baseball Team in the World!" It would not be fair to say that panic has swept the Oriole clubhouse, but the Orioles are not exactly overjoyed with their record in one-run games this year. They have won only five of 11. They won 40 of 55 in 1970.

On Saturday afternoon in Boston, Weaver took a piece of string from his pocket and began doing magic tricks with it. Suddenly he wrapped the string around his throat and tilted his head back as if he were hanging himself. Kid-ding, of course. "We started off like a house afire," he said, "and then we started to lose. But before anyone makes any big decisions about who is going to win anything, let's wait until June 16. By then we'll have played everyone home and away. Then let's see."

For those who want to believe that a Baltimore demise is imminent, there are some telltale signs. The bullpen has a record of 3-6, and through their first 31 games the Orioles left the bases loaded 21 times. "So far," says Frank Robinson, the team leader, "we have not been getting hits when we need them. The way our lineup is made, we are supposed to be able to get the big hit from any one of eight positions in the batting order, and that's not happening yet."

Because of a very confusing schedule the Orioles had gone a month and a half into the season before meeting division-leading Boston. Their arrival last Friday at Fenway Park became a kind of New England festival. Signs hung from the bleacher walls and Red Sox caps and pennants blossomed everywhere. The disaster of the Bruins' Stanley Cup collapse was a thing of the past, and in the breast of every Red Sox fan new hope throbbed.

Perhaps more important than any single factor in the love affair between New England and the Red Sox is Fenway, a temple of thrills compared with the majority of modern stadiums. Teams do not hunt in Fenway and they do not steal bases. It is considered a crime to miss a chance to swing at the great green wall in left field.

A shutout, as a consequence, is all but unheard of. Three weeks ago the Red Sox played a doubleheader at home against the Twins. The score of the second game was a reasonable 9-8, about what everyone expected. But the score of the first game—Lordy, it was 1-0, and who ever expects a score like that in Boston? Games that finish 1-0 happen in the hinterlands, west of Framingham, north of Medford and south of Quincy. Sandy Koufax pitched in Los Angeles, never in Boston. Local historians immediately went to work and turned up a fact that would astonish anybody but a Bostonian. Since 1963 Bos-

ton has won only three games—out of the exactly 658 played at Fenway—by a 1-0 score.

Thus it was not surprising that the capacity crowd seemed bewildered by the 2-0 opening-game score. As Sonny Siebert and Jim Palmer matched pitches, the great wall remained inviolate, and the minds and hearts of Boston could make no sense of this Wall-Ball or Wall-O is what they were used to—the old formula of a lot of right-handed slugging gorillas instructed to "hit the green thing and we'll give you lots of bananas."

"I suppose," says Weaver, who is as easily mesmerized as anybody else by The Wall, "that it is one of the reasons why such a dynasty has been built in Fenway Park and why all these championships have been won by Boston." (The Red Sox, alas, have won but two pennants since 1919.)

What Bostonians are only slowly coming to realize is that since the close of the 1970 season the Red Sox have moved away from Wall-Ball. They have begun to build a team with fewer gorillas and more gazelles. They began in the middle, acquiring Catcher Duane Josephson, Shortstop Luis Aparicio and Second Baseman Doug Griffin in off-season trades. Boston also decided to keep one Congliario on the team and to send another one away. Young Billy stayed, older Tony went.

New England, when it heard about the trades, wasn't so sure. Aparicio was a fine singles hitter who has played more games at shortstop than anyone in history. But he was not gorilla material. Josephson was big but Griffin was not, and he was a rookie. And so the Sox opened the season on a cold day and sold "The Fens" out, turning some 6,000

Rookie Doug Griffin, chasing a pop-up against Orioles, made only one error in first 31 games.



people away. The curious saw Boston win 3-1 without a homer. In their first four games Boston produced only three homers. One was by Siebert, the other two by Aparicio. Oh, sure.

It was time, thought some members of the hasty Boston press, to start rebuilding for 1972. Doom was upon the Red Sox. But that is the way with prophets. No sooner had they spoken than the Sox went on a tear. They won 14 of their next 18 games and suddenly everything was roses. Baltimore had better watch out.

Those lucky enough to get seats for the first Oriole-Red Sox game witnessed a remarkable performance. The Orioles put runners at second and third with nobody out in the first inning and failed to score. At the end of 4½ innings neither team had scored. Then Josephson tripled to start the fifth inning for the Red Sox and Griffin drove him home with a fly ball to left field. Siebert, miraculously still not intimidated by The Wall—and still in the game—drove in the second run with a single in the seventh and held Baltimore away despite eight hits to Boston's five. To compound the Oriole frustrations, they had the lead-off hitter on base in six innings. The win was Siebert's sixth of the year without a loss. He kept changing speeds on the Baltimore hitters and he permitted only four balls all night to be hit in left field, two for singles and the others harmless fly balls.

There was warm applause for Siebert when he got the final out of the game, but as the crowd moved into the streets its joy was somewhat restrained, perhaps because of the novelty of it all. "I don't ever remember seeing a game in Fenway where somebody didn't hit that big green monster," said Harry Dalton, the director of player personnel for the Orioles. "I felt during the spring that there might be a race in our division and I also thought that the Red Sox had done an excellent job of going for defense in the infield. But a 2-0 game in Fenway between the Orioles and the Red Sox is not something one expects to see."

Griffin, who produced what proved to be the winning run, is a scrawny 23-year-old who replaced the traded Mike Andrews at second base in the Boston

continued



Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver is pensive, wary and certain things will get better.



Baltimore team leader Frank Robinson releases the tension by presiding over court.

lineup. The Red Sox have had a notable shortage of Hall of Fame candidates at second base in recent years, in fact, Griffin is their best glove man at that position since Bobby Doer. The youngster has made only one error this season, and even that one, according to Aparicio, should have been his own. "Doug is going to be the best second baseman in the league in a couple of years," says Aparicio. "He has more range than Nellie Fox had at Chicago and I would say that he is better than Davey Johnson [of the Orioles] was when he came to the majors."

A quiet youngster who spent two years in the service, Griffin has never had a chance to make big money. When the Red Sox acquired him they invited him to a press reception. "I'd like to come," he said. "But I go to school from seven to three and I don't know if the instructor will let me off. I'll have to ask his permission."

Griffin played in Hawaii in 1970 and hit .326. The important figure in his statistics, though, is not one that shows up in daily newspapers. He averaged only one strikeout for each 17 times at bat. Griffin started out abysmally this year, but he recovered in May and has raised his season's average by 80 points to .260. His strikeout ratio is one in 10—a fine figure for a rookie, his pleased manager, Eddie Kasko, points out.

"In the time that I have been here," says Carl Yastrzemski, "this is the best defensive team we have had. Griffin is an amazing kid. With the Red Sox a defensive player never got much consideration because of the way Fenway is built. But last year we were bad defensively. We played all right at home [52-29] but when we went on the road we got our brains beat out [35-46]. Griffin can take hits away from the other team and we can make the double play now. I suppose it must be a little strange for the people here to see defensive ball being played, but you just have to have it to win."

Yastrzemski, the best all-round player in the American League, is a dramatic, moody performer who draws some kind of response from virtually everyone who goes to see him. When he takes that big swing of his and misses, people imagine how far the ball might have gone, and his running and fielding give a baseball game the type of drama that is seldom seen in other sports. As he came to bat

last Friday night one man hollered, "Come on, Carl, you're half the team."

Many say that last year was Yastrzemski's finest for all-round play but this season he senses a chance to win, to relieve the "impossible dream" of 1967, and he bounds around the clubhouse in his Yoo Hoo T shirt, shaking hands like a Back Bay politician on the Monday morning before Election Day. "I don't want to spend another year like the last one," he says. "We were never in the race. There were days when nine runs were not enough to win."

Griffin's period of indoctrination into the major leagues has been eased tremendously by Aparicio. Although he still is not having a good year at bat (around .200), Aparicio feels that his hitting will eventually work itself out. "If we were losing," he says, "I would really feel rotten. But we are winning and that's what matters. You don't feel the bad days as much when the score turns out right. And they have been turning out right for us."

On the eve of the Oriole series Aparicio and Griffin sat down in the Sox clubhouse and went over the hitters, with the veteran telling the rookie what each one might do in certain situations. "He has helped me tremendously," says Griffin, "because he knows so much about the league and the players. During the game he reminds me of things we have talked about before and tells me new things as situations develop. I always wanted to play second base for the Angels, but they seem to like experience. I played a little third base, but most of the time I've been a second baseman and I like playing the position. When Boston got me I didn't know what I was going to do because Mike Andrews was here. Then Andrews was traded and I figured I had a heck of a chance to start. It's worked out fine for me. We have a good club."

Phil Gagliano, formerly of the Cardinals and Cubs and currently batting 1.000 as a pinch hitter for the Sox, has watched Griffin closely. "Doug can really pick it," says Gagliano. "I've watched Bill Mazeroski and Julian Javier over the years and Doug has a chance to be one of the best. We used to call Javier 'The Ghost' in St. Louis, because he could make the double play so quickly that he would be out of the way of the runner before there was any chance to break up the double play. That's one of

continued

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the hardest things for a second baseman to learn. He comes into the play from a sharp angle on the pivot."

Saturday, in the 7-4 game in which the Orioles had 13 hits and 12 walks and left 18 men on base, Griffin slammed a long double off the center-field fence, moved to third and then tried to score on a fly ball to Merv Rettenmund in center. Rettenmund made a perfect play. He backed up on the fly and then moved swiftly in so that his forward motion would add extra strength to his throw. Andy Eichenbarren blocked the plate and Rettenmund's throw came in on one beautiful bounce. Griffin slid between Eichenbarren's legs but was pinched off by the catcher's knees. He was out on one of those "Hello, Doug, the team you are trying to score against is the Orioles" type of plays.

The Orioles may have left a lot of men on base—as has become their wont—but they also blasted the ball around the small Boston ball park and in general began to look like the team of last year and the year before. Last week, in an attempt to instill the old life in his club, Weaver asked Frank Robinson to reconstitute his kangaroo court, that spurious invasion of jurisprudence that made up in team morale what it lacked in fairness. Robinson's outrageous decisions about his teammates' play has relaxed them if it has not immediately spurred them to greater efforts.

This weekend, as the Orioles and Red Sox prepare to take their show to Baltimore, Boston has recalled Jim Lonborg from Louisville, where he has pitched well while trying to restore his arm to its 1967 limberness. His return will be a big factor in Boston's hopes of giving Baltimore a chase for the championship all year.

Fenway, of course, played to 80% of capacity in 1970, when the team was going no place. Now the lines have grown longer in front of the advance-ticket windows outside while inside the Sox play their strange game of catch the ball and avoid The Wall.

"It's rather remarkable what's going on up here," said Weaver last week. "All I hear about is the Red Sox. There were times during the last two seasons when we would come to town and I don't even think they ran the standings of the home club in the papers. Still it's the Sox, always the Sox."

END

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PETER, PETER, DONOHUE BEATER

After dazzling Indy with unprecedented speeds in practice for the 500, Mark Donohue was overtaken for the pole position by upstart Peter Revson, driving his orange flash with a once-sick engine **by ROBERT F. JONES**

During the month of May at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, something is always overworked. Usually it is engines, frequently it is mechanics, often it is drivers. Last week it was the word "unreal." Throughout the practice sessions that precede the running of America's grandest 500-mile automobile race, people kept grinding their gears with repetitive clichés. "Mark Donohue is unreal," they said. "It's unreal, man, he's running 174 mph." Donohue merely grinned and tucked himself back into his blue-and-gold McLaren M16 racer and kept on going faster. "Wow, he just hit 177—unreal." Grim and run. "Jeez—179." Later, fresh phrases emerged, immortal lines like "181—unreal." Statistically speaking, it was indeed unusual, but nowhere near as unreal as the unpoling of Mark Donohue last Saturday before a crowd that was, well, pretty big: 250,000.

The previous record for a single lap at Indy was set by Joe Leonard in the STP turbine car back in 1968—an unreal year in its own right. The turbine

was subsequently banned, and for two entire Indy races its qualifying record remained inviolate: 171.953 mph. Then along came Mark, and with him the efficient Roger Penske Racing Establishment, a Philadelphia outfit that has outfitted Ferrari in sports-car competition and is currently sharpening the American Motors Javelin to a fine cutting edge on the Trans-Am circuit.

By applying science and elbow grease, the Penske-Donohue consortium seemed about ready to turn Indy into a simple exercise in speed arithmetic. Then came the race for the pole and Peter Revson, applying some new math, whupped Mark Donohue. He did it in another McLaren M16, one that belonged to the actual, British-based Team McLaren. Moreover, he did it with a said-to-be-sick engine that had never before pushed the car faster than 120 mph.

In the process Revson evened some old scores. Back in 1969, during their rookie years at the Speedway, Donohue and Revson had both performed admirably. Revson started last in the 33-car

field and finished fifth. Donohue did a lot better that year in qualifying (fourth) but worse in the race, finishing seventh—and yet he won the Rookie of the Year award. The two men teamed up to drive Javelins for Penske, but Donohue—as Penske's No. 1 protégé—always got the better car and consequently won more races in the Trans-Am series. This year the situation seemed roughly similar. Donohue once again profited from the excellent Penske preparation, while Revson had to make do with the second car in the Team McLaren stable—the first and potentially faster machine going to New Zealander Denny Hulme, Bruce McLaren's countryman and traditional teammate and himself a veteran of Indy as well as countless Grand Prix races; he was the world champion of 1967.

All week long, while Donohue was wowing the multitudes with his superfast laps, Revson was a mere semiwow. His top speed in practice was 176.1. At best, he could end up only second, the smart money said. So then he sim-



Revson's McLaren racer whizzes past the homestretch stands on record qualifying run, in which he averaged 175.656 with a best lap of 179.254.

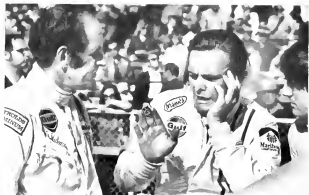
ply blew Donohue off the road. His fastest qualifying lap of 179.354, although more than 1½ mph slower than Donohue's best in practice, upped the official one-lap record by 7.401 mph. Revson thus achieved the greatest single advance in big-car speeds since Jim Clark shattered Parnelli Jones' record by 7.53 mph back in 1964. Moreover, he did it with a four-year-old Offy engine installed just a few hours before his qualifying run. Unreal enough for you?

Well, the whole Indy scene has become unreal. There was A. J. Foyt with a brand-new car—he called it the Coyote II—that he hoped would give him his fourth win. Foyt's racer started out wingless—without the rear-mounted airfoil that keeps down-pressure on a car through the wrenching corners and thus permits it to go much faster. Ultimately A.J. had to add a wing just to keep in competition and at that he only ended up sixth on the starting grid.

Last year's Indy winner, Al Unser, in the slick Johnny Lightning Special, could do no better than fifth, but his older brother Bobby, who won the race in 1968, did manage to struggle past Hulme to put one of Dan Gurney's well-prepared Osborne Eagles on the outside of the front row and in among the three swift McLarens.

Mario Andretti, Lloyd Ruby and the old fast-lap-record holder, Leonard, had to settle for places farther back. And so to some it looked as if the old names had lost their magic.

Actually, what had happened was that designers and mechanics were working some new magic, and the particular magic of the weekend was the legacy of a dead man: three McLarens in the first four qualifying spots. Last year, during his first Indianapolis endeavor as a car designer, Bruce McLaren learned a lot about the Brickyard's rugged demands. Though his two cars—derived from his invincible Can-Am sports-car design—finished no better than ninth and 22nd, Bruce thought he had the answer for the future. En route to England after the race, he outlined his scheme to Gordon Coppock, his chief engineer. It was to build a winged monocoque car with tubular framing fore and aft, a departure from the heretofore successful wedges and full monocoques, and a design that combined the flexibility of the tube frame with the strength of the monocoque. McLaren died in a crash during



Revson makes point to teammate Hulme (left), who put his McLaren into fourth starting spot.

Can-Am testing at Goodwood just days later, but the idea for the new car had been born. It is a credit to Roger Penske that he recognized its virtues right away. Last fall Penske struck a deal with McLaren's successor, the American Teddy Mayer, to buy the first of the new cars in exchange for Roger's own considerable engineering advice.

Late in March, Penske brought his McLaren to Indy for tire tests. "We found ourselves running well in excess of the lap record," Roger said, "and we knew we had something going. We didn't know what the factory McLarens could do, but we set out to make our own version the fastest car on the track. We decided not to run it in the earlier big-car races—Argentina, Phoenix, Trenton—but to save it for the really big one, Indy."

The racing public quickly realized that a new record was in the offing. All through the chilly days of early May the Speedway was jammed with eager watchers. Each of Donohue's practice runs—not a one of them slower than the old record—drew the cheers of a rapidly growing throng. Few of the spectators, though, realized that the other two McLarens—the cars driven by Revson and Hulme—had an equally swift potential. As for the Brickyard's traditional heroes, it was glumsville all around. "I've never seen Foyt look fiercer or Mario look sadder," said one veteran driver, his own face hardly an aid for ecstasy. "Penske's promotion says he has an 'unfair advantage,' and I don't think they're lying."

The pressure built up by Donohue's

fast runs took its toll during practice. Mike Mosley, the quick young USAC driver who won the Trenton race, broke an oil line during one attempt to increase his speed, and Denny Hulme spun out on the resultant slick—an incident that psyched Denny right up until qualifying day. Lee Roy Yarborough, a good old boy from stock-car racing, hit the wall in Turn One during practice, slewed 660 feet down the track and vaulted from his burning Eagle with another bad case of psych. Even the veteran Roger McCluskey had a close call: two days before qualifying he suffered his first Indy spin-out in a long time, missing the wall but quaking a few pulses on the way.

The heat was on, sure enough, and when Donohue turned a lap of 180.977 two days before qualifying, it seemed to have reached the boiling point. "I know—I just know—that he's got a couple more miles in there," said Dan Gurney. "Too bad Bruce isn't here to see it." Though Bruce wasn't, a quarter of a million car freaks were on hand when qualifying began. The crowd began gathering during the night, slurping brandy and beer to fend off the chill. But the Middle West's cold spring took a vacation for the weekend, and Saturday dawned clear and warm. "They must have imported the weather from the Ontario Speedway," said Rodger Ward, the retired Indy double winner. It was indeed a California kind of day. But the heat—72° at starting time, with track-surface temperatures of 108°—could only handicap the delicate racing machinery, which prefers cooler weather.

The first cars onto the track for pre-

continued



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PETER, PETER continues

qualifying practice were the orange McLarens of Revson and Hulme. They were soon joined by Lloyd Ruby, who topped out in practice at 176 plus in his gaudy, flag-striped "Silent Majority Special," and Bobby Unser, who also clocked a high 176. But when Donohue rolled out in the sleek No. 66 and whipped off four laps in the vicinity of 179 mph, it looked like the pole was already planted in the Penske pit. Revson was a study in frustration. The afternoon before, he had dropped an exhaust valve in the sluggish Offenhauser engine powering his McLaren. A quick negotiation with the Goodyear good guys (the tire company is a heavy financial supporter of Team McLaren) procured a replacement—a four-year-old Offy test engine that was installed in the dark desperation of the night. "I took the car around eight or nine times," said Revvy later, "and I couldn't get more than 120 out of it. Then just before qualifying began, we put our heads together and made a stab at a solution. I can't tell you what we did, but it seemed to work." The key man with the wrenches was Goodyear's Herb Porter, an old Indy hand who, in those moments, must have given even the eminent George Bignotti, Al Unser's crew chief (see page 40), something to think about.

The first two cars on the grid refused the green flag and fell back to the end of the waiting line. Then Mike Mosley went out in the first of two G. C. Murphy Specials—this one the same Eagle-Offy that Bobby Unser had won Indy with in 1968. During his first lap Mosley ran fast and furious—only to lose it all nearing Turn Four, spinning twice and nipping the wall to give the crowd its first big thrill of the day. Next came Foyt—the first man who stood a chance of breaking the old qualifying record. Chucking his omnipresent chewing gum and donning his red bandana face mask, Foyt hit the road with his customary dash. "Smoke it, Tex," the customers hollered, "stand on it." Foyt obliged with four quick laps averaging 174.317—a new record, sure enough. But how long would it last? "About three minutes," said Foyt. He knew that Donohue was next up.

Mark was unpenetrably calm as he rolled out onto the track to cheers from the fans. But when his first lap proved to be a relatively slow 178.607, the raucous ruckus suddenly went quiet. The

—Rick Stand

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second, third and fourth laps were progressively slower, and Donohue ended up with an average of 177.087—a new record, just as Hoyt had prophesied, but after the practice runs a bit of a disappointment. How long would this one endure? “In my position,” said Mark with a wry flash of humor, “I’m not allowed to think.”

While Mike Mosley was wrecking a second car—same turn, similar spin-out, still no injury—Donohue retired to a trailer to ponder his performance. Sipping a beer on the rocks, he shook his head. “I never do well here in qualifying,” said Mark. “Never do well. The car changed from understeering to oversteering, because of the heat I guess.” Then he added with just a hint of anguish, “I was looking for 183. Seriously, I was.”

So, suddenly, was Peter Revson—and his seriousness became evident the moment he took the green flag. Boiling flat out through the straights and chutes, diving deep into the corners and then exploding from the far end, Revson racked up an initial lap of 178.006. The crowd tensed up. Peter’s second lap increased the voltage—179.354. “I didn’t know how fast I was going, but I could feel it,” said Peter later. “The first time I went by, the crew flashed me a 176 plus, but I knew it was quicker, and it was. After the ’79 I knew I had it, so I backed off just a touch.” With final laps of 178.855 and 178.571, it was a very delicate touch indeed. Revson’s four-lap average of 178.696 was pole-making history. “I’d have been happy to run ‘75,” he said sort of apologetically. “We’ll have to regroup.”

Revson’s run provided a moment of high emotion in an event that can sometimes prove deadly dull. No one failed to recognize that his performance had once again underscored the genius of Bruce McLaren. Pen-ke was standing on pit row as Revson completed the record run. Dun Gurney ran up, grabbed Pen-ke by the shoulders and yelled “Splendid. Isn’t it splendid?” Caught up in the mass enthusiasm, not even thinking about the fact that his car had been deprived of the pole, Roger answered, “Man, yes.” Bruce McLaren lives.

That was the beauty of Indy. As for its truth, that will only be revealed on May 29 when 33 cars—three of them McLarens—set out to race 500 miles. That is still any man’s race.

END



60
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Big Man with



an Indy Wrench

George Bignotti, linchpin of a \$600,000 racing operation, is a mechanic of such immense talent that he may well be more important to the hottest 500 team than his driver—who is none other than defending champion Al Unser

by KIM CHAPIN

Shaw, Rose, Vukovich, Foyt, Jones, Andretti—the names roll easily off the layman's tongue; names etched on a hundred kinds of souvenirs and printed in a score of record books; names secure to posterity as the heroes of Indy past and present. And properly so, for theirs was to win, through various combinations of skill, luck and mechanical aptitude, the most famous race of them

all, the Indianapolis 500—one, two, even three times—and no one would deny them their glory.

Yet a driver is only as good as his equipment, and for each of these drivers there was an equally dedicated, if faceless, man whose particular talent was to build the car that, on a boisterous day in May, went faster for a longer period of time than any other in the field.

These men are called chief mechanics, and while their names are painted on the sides of their creations, they are there in considerably smaller letters than those of the heroes.

Consider, for example, George Bignotti, as he stands next to the pit wall at the Ontario Motor Speedway on a strangely cold California afternoon. Of medium height and weight, he is not a

particularly imposing man. A fleshed-out, angular face and thick hair verify his Latin name. Through thick glasses he watches intently as the Johnny Lightning 500 Special, driven by Al Unser, the latest American racing hero, finishes the last lap of a tire test (which is to racing what spring training is to baseball), and as the gold-on-blue streak screams past he snaps his stopwatch, then breaks into a wide grin and rubs his hands together. Things have gone well.

Above the grandstand, in a plush restaurant separated by soundproof glass from the wall of the 650-hp Ford turbocharged engine, Parnelli Jones smiles, too. He is no longer the proud terror of the speedways (only occasionally does he race these days), no, today his tastes are more of the boardroom and the double-breasted pinstripe suit. He and Vel Miletich, a Southern California friend and business partner, are the owners of the Johnny Lightning Special and of a sister car driven by Joe Leonard, and only his bristling crew cut and cold, darting eyes are reminders of what Parnelli once was. In the early 1960s Jones and A. J. Foyt carried on some of the most furious battles ever seen in big-car racing. Trouble was, Jones was rarely around at the finish and won only six of 59 championship events. Foyt's mechanic in those days was this same George Bignotti.

"I lost a lot of races to George," Jones says. "I led so many and then had to sit back and watch Foyt win them." And so in January 1969, just when the Vel's Parnelli Jones Ford Racing Team was beginning to go strong, Jones hired Bignotti. It was possibly the best decision of Jones' life, and perhaps also a bit of long-delayed revenge. Unser, who had been with Bignotti since 1966, came along as a not insubstantial part of the deal, but Miletich, when asked which



The mechanic, the driver and the race car in Bignotti's immediate shop.

of the two he would have taken had he been forced to choose between them, said tactfully, "I wouldn't want to answer that."

Indeed, this year cold statistics have clearly confirmed what most racing people have suspected for the last ten years: that George Bignotti, a 53-year-old San Franciscan who now lives in Indianapolis, is the best chief mechanic in the history of the Championship Trail. At the start of this season Bignotti-prepared cars had won 51 championship

point races and George promptly went two for two in the new year, as Al Unser won in Argentina and at Phoenix. For the fifth year one of his cars bears No. 1, symbol of the national driving championship. No other mechanic in the country can claim as many championship-race wins, and not since the heyday of A. J. Watson in the '50s and early '60s has any mechanic swung such a big wrench in the 500. Beginning with Foyt in 1961, his cars and drivers have been in Victory Lane no fewer than four times—an extraordinary achievement.

Last year, of course, the Bignotti-Unser team did it all. They won the 500 from the pole and nine of 18 other championship races en route to the national title. Watching Unser lap the field at one Milwaukee event after just four miles of racing, Bignotti said, "I feel sorry for the rest of these guys."

He really meant it, too, for Bignotti is basically a gentle man who often seems out of place in the Middle America atmosphere of championship racing, where the humor, such as it is, still runs to—or rather against—broads, blacks and hippies. In Bignotti's boyhood, spent on a truck farm near San Francisco, his father raised produce for hotels and restaurants in the city. He got into racing through an older brother, Al, who campaigned big cars in the Bay Area, and it

was a short step from hero worship of an older brother to the point where George first served as an apprentice mechanic, then built and occasionally raced his own cars.

In the 1940s and early '50s Bignotti held a variety of jobs, suffering at one time or another as the manager of a florist shop, as a big-band dance entrepreneur and as a worker in a shipyard. But racing was never far removed from his life, and in 1954 he came to the Speedway for the

Bignotti and as items he knows as few others do: the Ford turbo Indy engine.



first time as the chassis man on a roadster driven by Freddie Agabashian. Two years later he made a decision: "I decided I could build a car as good as anything I'd seen at Indy."

A chief mechanic of an Indianapolis-type racing car is many things. First, he is the middleman in a host of relationships that are the most crucial part of a modern, complex racing team. He has the immediate responsibility of controlling and wet-nursing a collection of rather fragile egos that are never too far from the breaking point, not the least of which may be his own. Obviously, the most important relationship is that between a chief mechanic and his driver, and except for matrimony there is none more susceptible to friction.

There is the immediate problem of visibility. George Bignotti did not win last year's Indy 500; Al Unser did. Neither did Bignotti "drive a steady and courageous race" and "run away from the field and hide," nor did he gulp the milk



Bignotti confers with Unser before Paxeaux big-car race—another triumph.

and sip the champagne of Victory Lane. Chief mechanics are simply not front and center; theirs is the tight little world of Gasoline Alley, replete with radius rods, camshafts and piston whistles. No, Bignotti's work was largely done when the green flag dropped.

Hero and mechanic cannot exist without one another, but in a sport where reputations are made and destroyed with the twist of a wrench or a turn of the wheel, rare is the driver who will admit to a lapse of judgment or a flackering loss of courage; rare, too, is the mechanic who will admit to a faulty suspension setup or an improperly calculated fuel mixture. To a driver, a car "plowed through the turns" or "couldn't pull anybody down the straights"; to a mechanic, "My driver stopped thinking when the green flag dropped" or "He wouldn't drive deep enough into the turns."

In moments of generosity a driver will clench his teeth and admit that the success of a racing team is equally divided between driver and mechanic. Likewise, a mechanic will look at the purse split (Unser received 50% of his car's winnings; Bignotti received 15%) and admit, "The driver is the guy who lays it on the line; I don't."

Nice things to say, but they don't begin to explain a rather strange phenomenon of recent years. Almost without exception the top Indianapolis racing teams have broken up just after the moments of their greatest success. Chickie

Hirashima, a former mechanic who is now a trackside engineer for Autoline spark plugs, remembers that he was out just three weeks after his driver, Jim Rathmann, won the 1960 Indy 500. Johnny Poulsen, Parnelli Jones' chief, was let go by car owner J. C. Agajanian within a short year of Jones' 1963 triumph.

The most famous recent breakup occurred in 1969 when Mario

Andretti, who had just won his third driving title and first 500, split with Clint Brawner. "Clint just couldn't keep up anymore," says Andretti, but the parting hurt both of them. Brawner has yet to win another championship race, and last year Andretti won just one and suffered through his worst USAC season since being named Indianapolis rookie of the year in 1965.

The granddaddy of them all, however, was the 1965 split between A. J. Foyt and Bignotti himself. Before they got together, neither Foyt nor Bignotti had

... West Coast fan Vel Milovich, who leaves the details to his superiors.

Parnelli Jones, the Indy winner in 1963, uses Unser's racer with



much of a record in championship cars. Bignotti had just one big-car win, and Foyt, a garrulous Texan of great promise, had none. But for 5½ seasons, beginning in 1960, the two combined for 27 victories, including a pair of 500s, and three driving championships.

"When I hired him," says Bignotti, who at the time was also a car owner, "he was young, aggressive and had a tremendous desire to win. But since he hadn't won in the championship cars, I put him in midgets and sprint cars to build up his confidence. When he won Indy in 1961 he was still O.K. to get along with, but after he won again in '64 and then sat on the pole in '65, it seemed that he had so many other people around. Suddenly he was trying to tell me what to do. He would pick fights."

"By then, my popularity was rising, too. People were asking me for my autograph, and Foyt couldn't stand that."

When alone, the two men got along fine, but their public blowups became a *casse célèbre* from one end of the Championship Trail to the other. Joe Leonard says, "If anything, George has an inferiority complex from the way Foyt beat him into the ground. If Foyt had said some of the things to me he said to George, I would have gotten out of a wheelchair to go after him."

Most of their differences had to do with cars, first the Bowes Seal Fast Special and later the Sheraton-Thompson Special, but there were petty things, too. Once, in Philadelphia, Foyt was being fitted for some custom-made suits as part of a business deal and Bignotti said he was told he could have any suit he wanted—off the rack. "Hell," says Bignotti, "I'd been wearing custom-made suits before I ever met Foyt."

The climax came at a race in Langhorne, Pa. in the summer of 1965. Foyt claimed the ear was not right and refused to drive. Big-



Clint Breventer had a streak going with Andretti until breakup in 1969.

notti told Foyt he was wrong and suggested they run that race and call it quits. Foyt agreed, and when the car fell out after 29 laps, one of the most successful partnerships in USAC history was at an end.

"We won a lot of races together and we lost a few," says Foyt, "but there was no real reason for our breakup. I had been wanting to go by myself for some time, and he wanted to go his way, too. We still respect each other. I have no hard feelings about George at all."

Bignotti and Unser in winner's circle—a fondlier locale for both men.



"Foyt is a great driver," says Bignotti. "I think the world of him and I would still like to be his mechanic. If he needed help tomorrow, I would do everything I could for him."

Would he do the same for you?

"I don't know."

He thinks about that some more.

"Sometimes," he says, "the driver forgets how the mechanic brought him up the ladder."

When Bignotti and Unser first came together in 1966, just weeks after Bignotti had won at the Speedway for the third time (with Britain's Graham Hill), Unser was practically in the same position Foyt had been six years earlier. He was raw talent, the last in a long line of racing Unseers, and innocent of any championship victories. Success did not come easily. It did not come at all, in fact, until two years later when Unser finally made a quantum leap to respectability by winning five consecutive races late in the 1968 season.

"George had to overcome Al at first," says Jones, and Bignotti himself adds, "In the beginning I had to outguess him."

The problem was the usual one for a new driver-mechanic team: communication. The complexities of a modern racing car are such that any one of a score of minute adjustments can make the difference between success and mediocrity, and somehow the driver must relay the

information he receives from the seat of his pants to the man with the wrench. Says Cale Yarborough, the Southerner who enjoyed tremendous success on the NASCAR circuit with mechanic Glen Wood and who is now embarked on his first full season of USAC racing as part of the Gene White racing team, "It took Glen and me about a half a season to get where we could communicate about the car, and about a season until we



Jim McGee, *Andrea's* mechanic, hopes to help restore *Maria's* big-car touch.

really got working. The same thing is going to happen to me up here."

The same thing did happen with Unser, but as Al says, "George's enthusiasm was amazing. He could have rested on his laurels, but he approached every race with me like it was his first one." And when the little pieces started falling in place, Bignotti and Unser began to dominate USAC as Bignotti and Foyt had done.

This year should be more of the same, although it is at least as true in racing as in any other sport that it is a lot easier to reach the top than it is to stay up there.

"We'll be nipping at their tails," says one rival team manager, "but if we finish ahead of them we won't have to look around 'cause we'll have beaten the best."

Becoming the best was neither an easy nor an inexpensive proposition. As with the majority of mechanics, Bignotti's education ended with high school, where in machine shop and mechanical drawing classes he would occasionally design and build pieces for whatever race car he was then working on. But had he continued on to engineering school, there seems little doubt that today, in some corporate corner of Detroit, he would be considered a raving genius.

He has probably spent more time on the development of the Ford turbo-

charged Indy engine than anyone outside of Dearborn, and he has had more to do with the success of the Indy Lola chassis (from which his current cars, the patented Parnelli Jones Colts, are derived) than anyone besides the original designer, Eric Broadley.

Then, too, despite a basic conservatism, he is willing to change, and by the end of this season Unser's and Leonard's cars will be perhaps 30% different from the ones they raced in early spring.

"You don't get ahead by just copying the other guy," says another mechanic. "You've got to innovate."

"It's just like a golf pro," says Bignotti. "He carries all those clubs for a purpose, and he uses them. I've got to do the same thing."

Bignotti's success is all the more remarkable because he is one of the few mechanics (Brawner really is the only other one) who successfully made the transition from the front-engine, solid-axle Kurtis Roadsters, which dominated the Speedway from 1954 until the mid-1960s, to the exotic, independently sprung, rear-engine machines of today. Indeed, everything was simpler then. Miltetch remembered that he once could have sponsored a race car for \$5,000—today the figure is closer to \$150,000—

Bignotti holds watches on Unser in the test and signals his lap times.



Wayne Leary is up-and-coming wrench for Bobby Unser, Al's brother.

and a frugal owner could campaign a good racing team for around \$100,000, a sum which now doesn't even begin to pay the overhead. For the mechanics, the roadster era was at once simpler and more demanding. Simpler, because all of the chassis were the same ("They were built like Mack trucks," says Bignotti) and all the engines were durable 255-cu. in., four-cylinder Offenhausers which could be sent back to the Meyer & Drake factory for a quick \$250 overhaul. More demanding, because, being substantially the same, all cars came to the track at least theoretically equal. Whatever advantage one car had over another was small and hard to come by. It was a difficult school, and Bignotti learned well.

A race team generally consisted of an owner, a driver, a mechanic and a stooge, or mechanic's helper, and for the Indy 500 additional help was picked up wherever it could be found. "The chief mechanic was everything," says Bignotti. "He did the engine, the transmission and the suspension without any help. He really didn't need it."

Now, with a variety of chassis and extremely sophisticated power plants, a team's success may be determined on the planning board as far as a year in advance. As the cars became more complex, so did the racing teams become more specialized. Bignotti, for example,

waves enthusiastic over "a great cam grinder we once had," and mentions casually that only certain members of his crew are allowed to work with certain metals. Aerodynamic experts are consulted. Space-age metals once found only on supersonic fighter planes now show up at the racetrack.

Hirashima says, "One man can't do it all today. He may know everything about a car, but he can't do it himself, no way."

Bignotti is like an orchestra conductor in the way he chooses and utilizes the abilities of a permanent crew of 10, which expands to 16 for big races such as Indy. And more than anyone else on the team, including Jones and Miletich, he has the day-to-day responsibility of managing the \$600,000-plus yearly budget of a mini-business empire that stretches from Torrance, Calif., where most of the bodywork is done, to Indianapolis, where the engines are tuned and the final product assembled.

As the teams have gotten bigger, so have the problems. Overconfidence is by far the most potentially disruptive element within a team, and there are those who feel, perhaps more out of hope than anything else, that Bignotti-Unser *et al.* are ripe for the picking. There are those who believe that Wayne Leary, chief wrench for Bobby Unser, and Jim McGee, Andretti's man, are coming on strong. After a driver has enjoyed success with one team, it becomes a challenge to see if he can do as well with another. A mechanic, likewise, feels that he could win just as easily with another driver, anyone with some foot.

"The biggest problem is money," says Miletich. "Everybody starts talking and pretty soon another owner comes along and asks, 'How would you like \$100,000 to come with us?' That's not an offer,

just a question, but it has a way of starting disruption."

And Foyt says simply, "Money has ruined a lot of good mechanics."

Then, too, a mechanic's assistant perhaps feels that he is ready to move up a notch and take over an operation by himself.

Jones says, "If you passed around a piece of paper and asked everybody on the team to estimate their contribution, you'd come up with about \$900."

Jones, the former driver, does not ex-

periences, and sometimes he'll bend in my direction. I think we're getting that fine closer together."

For now the differences are small. "We're like a family," says Miletich, a hurly, friendly man who occasionally answers to the name of Cuddly Bear. "We have a lot of meetings and lay everything on the table and try not to keep any secrets from one another."

Jones adds, in a more practical vein, "Outside investments help keep us together. Vel helped me at first, and now together we're doing the same thing with George and Al."

It is in the daily routine of the widespread operation that the team's solidarity—and its ultimate respect for Bignotti—shows best. Charlie Tabucchi, who has known Bignotti since their San Francisco childhood and who now builds the engines for Bignotti's cars, says, "He's demanding and he knows he's a good chief mechanic. But he's not cocky, and he will listen. At times we've argued like the worst of enemies, but most of the time we behave like the closest of brothers."

Frank Catania, Bignotti's transmission man and another long-time friend, says, "George has one very great way about him. I don't care how many men he has working for him, he gives each one the feeling that any particular operation can't work without each person's effort and know-how. He has great confidence in all of his men."

Says Dave Laycock, the chief mechanic on the Gene White cars driven by Yairborough and veteran Lloyd Ruby: "George is talented, there's no question about that. He's always gone out and gotten the best—the best drivers, the best cars, the best people. But he's beatable. Everybody is. It's just a matter of finding out what to do, isn't it?"

Yes, sir, just that one little thing. **END**



Unser and that proud No. 1, product of an exemplary man in U.S. racing.

empt himself when he adds, "Vel and I are just car owners, and car owners are the least important factor in the success of a team, but in my case it's a little different. I still think as a driver. Before last year's 500 I told Al, 'If I had had somebody to tell me what I'm telling you, I might have won a couple more races myself.' Al's getting more grouchy as time goes by, but he's so cool in the car. He's the kind of driver I always wanted to be."

When Bignotti joined with Jones two years ago, many people thought the liaison between the two strong-willed men could never last. "George is not as much of an experimenter as I am," says Jones. "He's more conservative; his basic concern is to build a car that will last 500 miles. But I go to his way of thinking

CONTINUED ON CHART 1230

FAIR WIND FOR MONTEGO BAY

So fair was it, and so boisterous, that it blew Warwick Tompkins and 'Improbable' (below) to a record victory over a big ocean-racing fleet, and provided the author with one of his most suspenseful sea stories.

By CARLETON MITCHELL



Noon
20 March

Noon
21 March

Noon
22 March

The Sweet Young Thing says: "But what do you do at night? Isn't it too deep to anchor?" *The Dowager*: "My husband used to be a sailor, too, but we sold the yacht—it became so difficult to find good captains and stewards, you know." *The Defensive End Type*: "Hell, ocean racing is another slusky sport. No physical contact, no chance of getting hurt. You don't even have to be in shape. Anyone can sail a boat."

So let's try to tell it like it is, circa 1971.

1200 Friday 19 March. Start. On the way to the line the 10 of us aboard *Solution* wedge shorts and sweaters and foul-weather gear in chinks between sail bags, processed food, electronic equipment, tools and spares. But we live in luxury in comparison with some of our competitors, who to save weight are stripped to the functional efficiency of a dentist's office without the comfort of the chair. We have bunks instead of canvas stretched between pipes, drawers and hanging lockers rather than flight bags whose capacity may not be exceeded.

CONTINUED ON CHART 1200

FAIR WIND continued

As we near a committee boat anchored off Miami Beach the shoal water is a pale frothy green, but a mile out awaits the deep purple blue of the ocean abyss. Our man is reefed, yet we prepare to set a bug reaching jib. There is a snicker when the final radio forecast of the morning warns, "Small craft should exercise caution." A cold front is on the way, with fresh southerly winds ahead of the squall line and strong northerlies behind. Already the wind has clocked to south-southeast, which will permit a fast and painless crossing of the Gulf Stream.

It is a fleet rather than class start, so the 33 entries mill in close quarters. Overall lengths range from 33 to 73 feet with matching speed differentials. Maneuvering is like Piper Cubs and 747 jets trying to make the same runway without a control tower. The gun fires and all is magically still, except for the splash of our bow wave, the hiss of water rushing past the lee rail, sibilant whispers from aloft. Thor Ramsing, has made a fine start. We are ahead of the pack at the weather end of the line. With 811 nautical miles between us and the finish at Montego Bay, Jamaica, we settle down and look around.

Soloway is a yawl, 53 feet overall, designed by Sudmaker Ted Hood. Appropriate to an era of radical departures from tradition, she has no keel whatever, but an intricate system of winches allows a large centerboard to be moved fore and aft as well as up and down. There are trim tabs on the trailing edge to help steering, and even another centerboard in the rudder. Yet we are conservative beside others in the fleet. My eye falls on a sloop emblazoned with the name *Improbable*. She has the dead-by-fast look of a surfaced shark. On our other beam, down to leeward, the bug boats of the fleet—*Windward Passage*, *Odette* and *American Eagle*—have begun their private fight, but *Passage* opens out like a rabbit in front of greyhounds. Already there seems the possibility of a record voyage.

1830. With dusk, Great Isaac Light is close abeam. Barely visible to port is Northeast Rock, while hidden ahead lurk the Brothers and the sunken coral fangs of Gingerbread Reef, which we must pass in total darkness. Our perspective of the Bahamas is that of the sailor, not the tourist: one of the most dangerous archipelagos in the world, formations rising almost vertically from great

depths, unpredictable currents sweeping onto shoal banks, few trustworthy lights. The race circular describes our course in a paragraph deceptively simple: "From the starting line, northeasterly leaving Great Isaac to starboard, thence easterly leaving Eleuthera Island to starboard, thence southward leaving Cuba to starboard and finally westward through the Caribbean to the finish." Navigators will be under pressure to cut corners beyond the point of safety.

We lead a pack of competitors through the slot between the Brothers but have our first trouble. Somewhere in the Gulf Stream a cotter pin at the bow pulpit held our precious reaching jib. Gradually the rip enlarged, but we held on for smoother water. Now we shift to a genoa jib having less drive. We are a little slow; as a crew we are strange to the boat and to each other. During the time required to make the change, *Improbable* and *Pawnee* slip past while *Bay Bea* and *Salty Tiger* close on us. Steve Conneti begins to sew the reacher as the four of us in the port watch go below. There are fewer bunks than crew, so we are using the "hot bunk" system, standard on ocean racers. I slide under a blanket still warm as my opposite number, George Moffett, starboard watch officer, goes on deck. *Soloway* rushes through the night without incident, but the 55-foot cutter *Dora*, a speedster from Chicago, is not so lucky: she slams into a coral head at 10 knots. The shock is terrific, but she bounces over. "It was a question if we had lost three feet of keel or had knocked off three feet of rock," reflected a crewman over a beer in Montego Bay, "but I guess it was the coral that gave." And as an afterthought: "Otherwise I wouldn't be here."

2330. We reset the repaired reacher at change of watch. There is an immediate difference in speed and feel. Wind is still SSE, about 18 knots. Glorious sailing, sea small, stars bright, the loom of Great Starup Cay visible. There is much marine traffic in Providence Channel. Aboard one of the smallest boats, the navigator of *Dory* notes in the log: "Cruise ships look like phosphorescent caterpillars crawling toward Nassau."

0758 Saturday 20 March. We set a spinnaker after a period of indecision. Doing nine knots plus with the reacher at daylight, wind barely abate the beam and fresh, sea lumpy. *Soloway* is not an easy boat to steer in these conditions:

lack of lateral plane seems to make her pivot on the centerboard, so the bow skids off to leeward, inviting overcorrection. But the breeze clocks a bit more toward the south and west, and multi-colored nylon parachutes blossom in the fleet. *Pawnee* and *Arctico*, our most dangerous class rivals, slowly gain. So up spinnaker, and the helmsman's—and cook's—ordeals begin. From below come sounds of catastrophe as the stove wallows in its gimbal, but Betty Jane Beach—also known as Cookie Galore and BJ—is unflappable. Breakfast consists of grapefruit, western omelet, bacon and waffles.

Afterward, while I am a galley slave, the smaller Class C sloops *Hot Foot* and *Arctico* are having a private spinnaker duel off the reef known as the Devil's Backbone, approaching the tip of Eleuthera. Without warning, *Hot Foot* hits bottom. "She just stopped, bung!" said a crew member later. The spinnaker is dosed and the main trimmed flat. *Hot Foot* bounces off after "another couple of good cracks," but suddenly those on deck realize *Arctico* is heading into the same trap. "We screamed and waved, but on she came." Her grounding is potentially more serious. The impact parts the spinnaker downhaul, letting the pole go up the forestay. The sail then wraps around both in a tight knot. For nearly 10 minutes *Arctico* is in and out of contact with coral heads, a harrowing experience.

1005. *Soloway* has rounded Man Island Light, the second mark of the course, and we swing southward. It is a miracle to have made our casting with eased sheets, but the normal trade wind is being disrupted by the cold front. A morning radio forecast reported it continuing to approach from the northwest at 25 knots. The squall line is due to pass Nassau at noon and will overtake the fleet in order of their positions in the race—the tailenders will get it first, the leaders last. Before the finish the wind will have made a 360-degree turn, boxing the compass for our benefit. On deck we tell each other how great it is. We bask in bright sunshine and admire *Pawnee*, slightly to leeward, with whom we have sailed in round-the-buoys proximity since the start.

1012. Panic party. Without warning or reason our best 1.5-ounce red-top spinnaker blows out. We haul down the remains and all hands scurry to get up

continued



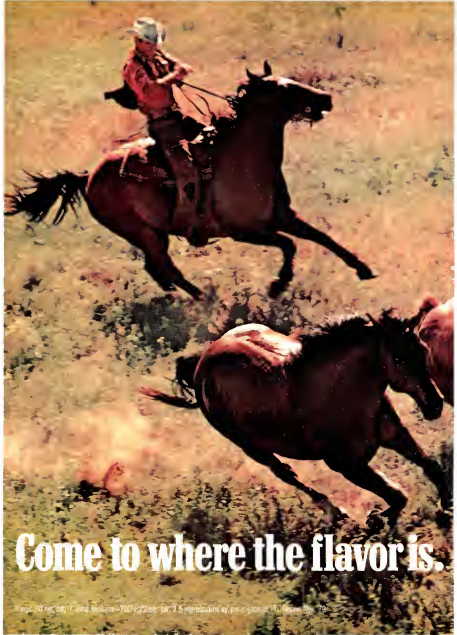
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THE TIMELESS SHOE

FAIR WIND continued

a spare. There is a vivid mental image of the crew of *Panacea* staring fascinated, but they gain only five lengths and later complement us on the speed of our recovery.

1200. Off James Point. Our noon-to-noon run is 219 miles! We go well with the boats in sight, except *Improbable*, which is now variously called *Impoverishable*, *Impossible* and *Intolerable*. She ran off to leeward after daylight under spinnaker, gained, reached back under jib and now is only a speck on the horizon as she runs off again. Obviously my ex-shipmate, Warwick (Commodore) Tompkins Jr., and his West Coast crew are not waiting for the wind shift in order to begin surfing. The tactic seems to be paying off as her Class A rivals, *Boy Bea* and *Salty Tiger*, are near us. At this point *Solution* must lead Class B—but where, oh where, is the scratch boat, *Windward Passage*?

1615. It is my watch below, and I sense tension and come on deck. Thor Ramsing is at the wheel. George Moffett has assigned battle stations to starboard watch members Steve Connert, Otto Ohland and Phil Miller. Navigator Bill Quinby is in the cockpit, too. They stand ready to drop the spinnaker if we are hit by a sudden blast. A ragged line of black clouds is overtaking from astern, the leading edge of the front. *Boy Bea* waits under jib. There is no way to be sure whether the squalls will hit or miss: being overcanvased is a form of Russian roulette, but sometimes it nets a few yards. We gain on *Boy Bea*, so the crew hoists a chute—it is red, white and blue, and huge. Even without a squall there is wind enough to make *Boy Bea* sheer wildly, yet she begins to move away. Now we feel a chill breath from astern, and rain slants down on either beam. We brace ourselves, but nothing happens. Thor exclaims suddenly: "Slack sheets! We've gotten the nor'west shift." The expected big boom turns out to be a cap-pistol bang. Anticlimax. But only temporarily. Gradually the wind strengthens as the sky clears, until the helmsman struggles to keep *Solution* under control.

1930. A roast-beef dinner fails to soothe the skipper and navigator. A difficult decision must be made, not only involving racing strategy but possibly the safety of the ship and crew. We are paralleling the unlighted east coast of Cat Island. There is no danger, despite

the darkness of the night, until we arrive at Columbus Point—named in honor of the first navigator to grope his way blindly through these waters. Then we must alter course to avoid Concepcion Island and Rum Cay, placed as stumbling blocks athwart the direct route to the Crooked Island Passage. The wind is almost dead aft. One jibe will take us westward toward Long Island, passing inside Concepcion, the other jibe outside toward San Salvador. The safety of either course will depend upon the accuracy of dead reckoning in an area of unknown currents, approaching shores where the bottom comes up too fast for a depth sounder to give much warning.

Because the wind slant is slightly more favorable when we must commit ourselves off Columbus Point, we steer 140 degrees to leave Concepcion and Rum Cay to starboard. *Solution* roars at hull speed into a black tunnel, nothing visible forward except the alternate glow of our red and green running lights on the bow wave as we roll, our wake swiftly swallowed into the void astern.

At midnight *American Eagle* strikes the reef north of Concepcion Island. Lee Creekmore, at the helm, reacts instinctively, rounding up into the wind. *Eagle* heels more, pressed down by her mainsail; she bounces twice and is clear. Had she jibed or had a coral head inches less deep been ahead, the *Eagle* would have flown no more.

Yet the most spectacular drama of the night was going on astern. The Class C sloop *Que Pasa* had been off Man Island Light when the front came through and took a spinnaker knockdown during a hard squall. Laid over on her side, the main boom buried itself and was held down in the sea by a vang tackle. Under the enormous strain the vang parted, and the resulting jump ripped the mainsail all the way across, from leach to luff. Recovering, the crew set twin headsails and began surfing along the Eleuthera shore at 10 knots. At 1715 the helmsman felt the tiller go limp. He glanced astern to see *Que Pasa's* rudder surface in the bot of her wake, then disappear. Another knockdown, but this time no hope of regaining control. The sea was breaking heavily on the reef inshore: no time to rig a jury rudder, no time to do anything except heave over two anchors and hope for the best. The breakers were 150 yards astern when the anchors took hold, but it was only a ques-

tion of time until the coral would chew through the anchor rode.

Contact was made by radio with Bahamas Air Sea Rescue. The interisland freight vessel *Cheri*, en route to Nassau, monitored the conversation and offered assistance. Coming alongside shortly before dark, her captain had trouble maneuvering; after three passes failed to get a line aboard *Que Pasa*, he edged closer—too close. Like a giant cleaver the bow of *Cheri* rose and fell in the steep seas. The first blow tore loose the starboard lower shrouds, the second contact severed the uppers, the third surge broke through the deck at the sheer line, knocking down the cook below and catapulting crewman Danny Blain overboard from the foredeck. He was hauled back aboard. So while the rest of the fleet—except *Cusa*, which also lost her rudder but managed to creep to shelter in the Exumas—drove through the night, the crew of *Que Pasa* went through a private hell: mast weaving, no rudder, a gaping hole on deck and uncertain when the anchors would let go.

Just after daylight one anchor rode chafed through and the other worked the pin out of the shackle. But a boat responding to more radio appeals had managed to put aboard a heavier anchor backed by chain. *Que Pasa* continued to swing off the reef until BASR was able to dispatch a tow from Spanish Wells—and that haven was finally reached.

0235 Sunday 21 March. The loom of the lighthouse on San Salvador is in sight, which means *Solution* has successfully run the gauntlet of Concepcion's reefs. We are enjoying a glorious sail, hovering for an instant on the crest of each overtaking wave, then zooming down the face in a welter of foam and spray. Watchmate John Mitchell—no relation—reminds me the sun crosses the equator northbound today, so officially spring is sprung.

0635. A feeble last-quarter moon which came up at 4 a.m. gives way to a pale dawn. Now the wind is north at some 20 knots, spume overlays the whitecaps in zigzag patterns, but there is no malice in the seas.

At midday the log shows our noon-to-noon run is 203 miles. Fantastic! Yet the radio roll call shows *Windward Passage* nearly 100 miles farther along, leading *Odyssey* by 12 miles. We plot other position reports, which the race com-

continued

mittee instituted as a safety measure. No escort vessel accompanied the fleet. Exactly what could be done in case of a dismissing or serious grounding does not bear consideration: in these waters there are few harbors, no repair facilities and not many vessels of a type that could help. "Maybe Castro would send out a gunboat," suggests someone.

1545. Castle Island lighthouse is ahead, our last look at the Bahamas. We steer now for Cape Maisi. Under the lee the sea has been small, but as soon as we clear the land it becomes heavy and confused, almost a tide rip. *Sofariva* recoils under the shocks; her bow swings off and we have difficulty steering. Hard driving may be the reason, for everything is aloft which would be hung from the masts during a placid afternoon on Long Island Sound: spinnaker, "tall boy" spinnaker staysail, mainsail, mizzen and mizzen staysail. We surge up despite grinding the wheel down, and occasionally the spinnaker breaks to refill with a crash that shakes the boat like a toy. There is a hard, almost glazed look to the sea. Haze has slid under the sun. The fleet surely will catch hell in the Windward Passage.

1715. I am at the wheel when the mizzen buckstay lets go—a taped pelican hook having opened under the strain of the staysail. The mast bows over my head but holds. Luckily for me it is aluminum and not wood. Earlier several severe knockdowns had forced dropping the spinnaker in favor of the reacher. We register up to 10 knots on the speed indicator, but a gung-ho character still lugging a chute inches up on the starboard quarter. It's damned if you do and damned if you don't.

Things are happening all over the fleet. At 1600 *Onslow* lost her chute aloft when the halyard block failed, dumping what seemed to be an acre of nylon under the bow. Skipper Huey Long and watch officer Cy Gillette were proud when a husky and well-drilled crew had another set and drawing in nine minutes. But *Windward Passage* was already in the channel between Haiti and Cuba, for which she was named: at 1715 her log shows she "jibed successfully in a sloopy sea caused by proximity to the shore." At 1800: "Roaring night along." 2030: "Bow buries in sea—open fore-castle hatch causes wall of water to pour through main salon. Crew ecstatic with speed we are making." 2100: "Hit 20

knots on speed gauge. Delirium on deck."

At 2138 *Sorcery* jibes off Cuba. Her log records: "Chafed area on mainsail by upper spreaders ripped. Chute down, two-ounce storm chute up 2142: Wipe up, chute down, halyards fouled. Considerable delay. *Eagle* gained." From then on through the night the mainsail goes up and down the mast like a yo-yo, being reset, tearing on the next jibe, being lowered for the tired crew to work again with palm and needle.

Visualize the reality of that understated entry: "Wipe up," nautical shorthand for a spinnaker knockdown. The 61-foot sloop is tearing through a night lighted only by bursting wave crests and stars seen through low scud. The seas are long, and *Sorcery* is surfing, shooting like a flung javelin, hanging for a split second, shooting again. The helmsman steers by the wind on the back of his neck, the trim of the sails, the feel as the stern lifts, the response to the rudder—a delicate balance of forces which must be maintained, so long as conditions remain the same, until the finish line is crossed. Then a sudden harder puff arrives, or a freak sea crests astern. Inexorably the bow swings; the helmsman frantically grinds the wheel down, but the wipe up continues. Now it is the boat which is in charge, not the men on deck. The invisible fist of the wind presses *Sorcery* over on her side in a knockdown; dark water rushes along the lee deck, tearing at legs and cleated lines. The spinnaker breaks with a noise like thunder as the wind comes abeam; only then will the boat respond to the rudder and come back on course.

Elsewhere, the night shivers with tension. Let the boys on *Onslow* tell it. Cy Gillette: "I was at the wheel when I heard the yell, 'Man overboard!' It was a little before midnight and pitch black. The wire afterguy of the storm spinnaker had parted, letting the pole go against the head stay. The watch below had been called, and some were working at the last job in the sequence—replacing a wire lazy sheet in the clew. When I heard the yell I looked forward and saw a man swinging out in space. I had been steering to keep the spinnaker blanketed in the lee of the mainsail, but I cranked her off more. The man was flung back in and they grabbed him."

Les Hummel, working on the fore-deck: "We were hauling on the rope

sheet trying to shackle the wire into the clew. Cy was keeping the spinnaker pretty well blanketed, but each time *Onslow* rolled the sail lifted and we let go. Bob Mundle had been routed from his bunk to help, still half asleep, and he didn't let go when the sail swung out. He went flying through the air; he sort of spun around the sheet like a monkey on a string. We had no idea he could hold on so I yelled, 'Man overboard,' and Cy at the wheel brought the helm over. For a few seconds Bob was 15 or 20 feet from the boat and nearly that high above the water. Then he swung back and I tackled him around the waist, Peter Morgan grabbed his feet and Sam Fields took his shoulders. We couldn't get him to turn loose because he had such a death grip, so I had to let go a hand around his waist and pry off each finger, one at a time. He had bad rope burns on both legs and torn muscle in one knee, and his ankles were chewed where he came against the preventer on the main boom. We carried him below and treated him with burn ointment, and I gave him a sleeping pill. I think he is a very lucky boy."

Robert Mundle: "I never felt death before, but it was there just under me."

0532 Monday 22 March. *Solution* is within 42 feet of Cuba—straight down. The depth finder shows seven fathoms as we round Cape Maisi. No sign of life, although we surely are being watched. Gray rollers dash against a gray limestone shelf, deeply eroded; beyond, the island rises in a series of plateaus to mountains swathed in early mist. I took the other way, into the Windward Passage. The seas are polished garnet, with tumbling smoking crests. "Red sky at morning, sailors take warning," runs the old doggerel. Curru gives a tint to the whole eastern quadrant studded with compact darker clouds. Fittingly we begin the day with wild shoots down frothy seascapes and a good breakfast.

0700. The race takes on a more serious aspect. George Moffett, who won in 1963 as owner of *Gwinere*, plus the other optimistic characters of the starboard watch are challenging the port watch. The wager is a round of rum punches for the greatest number of miles logged during each remaining set of wheel tricks. We lead off, lugging a 1.5-ounce spinnaker. Again the wind is nearly dead aft, so we must choose between jibes. *Pawaru* and a boat we believe to

Continued

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FAIR WIND continued

be *Arctico* are standing up under the coast of Cuba, but *Salty Tiger* follows us offshore, where there should be more wind—although it seems a commodity we might already have in surplus.

1005. We jibe and set a storm chute. The wind is probably above 30 knots in the gusts. Our speedometer is pegged at the stop beyond the end of the 10-knot scale for minutes at a time, yet the needle of the wind gauge hovers between 20 and 30, so we could be getting 40 knots, if you believe the anemometer. The exhilaration of surfing is indescribable. Now the seas are big enough to lift the stern in a tobogganning takeoff: for a few heartbeats we appear to almost stop, then go shooting down the slope. Sighted from the cockpit, the bow seems about to plunge under at an angle which will take us to the bottom of the Caribbean. A fan of spray begins forward and extends all the way aft, curling high above deck level at the stern; then we pause balanced on the next crest and the cycle begins again.

Improbable is living up to her name. On a designed waterline of less than 37 feet, which makes her one of the smaller boats in the fleet, she surfs at 20 knots. Before she was built in New Zealand, Owner Dave Allen and Warwick Tompkins shared the philosophy that high speed is more important than a low rating under the racing rules. They also agreed that many races are lost by the inability of a boat to hold together in hard-driving conditions. Both were willing to settle for Spartan accommodations. As *Improbable* surfs, a great rooster tail lifts behind the outboard rudder and her crew yell like wild men on each surge—the Commodore, especially, who later will be likened by a shipmate to the Texas major madly spurring another kind of bomb, earthward, in the movie *Dr. Strangelore*.

1515. The punch seems to be going out of the wind as it swings more easterly, showing signs of reverting to the normal trades. Crests are smaller on seas more blue than white, and the currus veil has been melted away by the sun. Our noon-to-noon run was 210 miles, again fantastic. *Salty Tiger* is on the starboard bow, about a mile away; *Powacca* is ahead of her by another two miles. It is now 75 hours and 15 minutes since the starting gun, and the tension of close competition has not let up for a moment.

1900. The port watch won a round of

rum punches by a scant mile, perhaps due to the wind softening during the afternoon. We look forward to collecting our drinks ashore early tomorrow, for at the present rate we could finish during breakfast. Funny—the navigator logs the present wind as east at 20 knots, which normally would seem quite fresh, and we sustain nine knots on the speed gauge. Yet by comparison with mid-morning, we seem becalmed. The big excitement of the moment is the captain's dinner, being prepared by a glamorous Cookie Galore. BJ has dug into her seabags to come up with an Elisabeth Stewart sheath and dangling gold earrings, which keep rhythm to the roll as she hovers over the stove. In honor of the occasion the skipper pours a round of sherry for all hands, and Cookie Galore sets forth steaks cooked to individual order, Jamaica squash, rice and cheese cake.

We share a feeling of well-being impossible to convey to a landsman. Usually on hard races the second night is the most exhausting; one rarely sleeps well the first, due to the difficulty of adjusting to a bank only shoulder and hip wide, unaccustomed motion and exclamations from the watch on deck. But also one must get used to the gremlins trapped during the building of every boat. On *Solution* there is a little guy who tries to get out of the lazaret whenever the going gets rough. My first time below he started by rapping his knuckles on a plywood panel a few feet from my ear, changed to kicking when I tried to ignore him and finally began scratching, gouging, rasping and squeaking. When he rested, a rigging gremlin took over, a frustrated violinist practicing pizicato on the stays. The second night it was hard to remain awake on deck, but nothing could prevent sleep below. Tonight the gremlins will sing lullabies.

0320 Tuesday 23 March. Lights are sighted on the port bow, undoubtedly perched high on an invisible mountain-side. The wind is lighter, seemingly down to a mere zephyr, but we still slide along at seven knots. In many past races that would have seemed like flying. Our masthead weaves a pattern among the stars as *Solution* responds to gentle seas.

0800. A magnificent tropic morning. The green coast of Jamaica unrolls like a painted screen. We change to our lightest and largest spinnaker, racing *Salty Tiger* to the last. She has just crossed our bow, heading inshore, and we sharp-

en up to follow. *Powacca* has gained during the night but is still in sight above the horizon, so we feel certain we are within our time allowance—if the wind doesn't die entirely.

Near noon we are sailing for the finish. The last hours have been spent coaxing every possible fraction of a knot from a fading breeze. Now we stand into green water off a white beach where sunbathers lounge among striped umbrellas; then out into blue water again and then back in. Gradually we creep past *Salty Tiger*, to win our private race by a few hundred yards.

12:12:04. Gun. I hate to see it end.

Windward Passage finished at 40 minutes past 3 Monday afternoon, beating her 1969 record by 31 hours. She had daily runs of 262, 250 and 254.5 miles for an average of 10.7 knots, surely one of the highest sustained speeds ever achieved in Atlantic racing. Yet *Solution*, rating near the middle of Class B and the fleet, has also beaten *Windward Passage's* previous record—along with 13 other boats. For most contestants it was the fastest race ever, with some of the finest sailing of a lifetime crammed in. On corrected time *Improbable* is Class A and overall winner, *Arctico* wins Class B and is second in fleet and *Solution* takes second in B and third overall.

For me there is one final memory. At the behest of Commodore Tompkins I sail aboard *Improbable*; he turns over the tiller as we clear the harbor. She is stressed like a 12-meter, eager and responsive, and down below there is no excess weight to hold her back. The seas are small by earlier standards, and the wind moderate, but I feel a surge of take-off as the spinnaker fills, and look down to see the speed gauge already hovering around 12 knots; a puff and it slides up toward 15. Ron Holland, a regular crew member, takes over and hits 16 knots. I hear myself yell in exuberance, along with the rest—or maybe we are chanting the death knell of the family cruiser as an ocean racer. For *Improbable* carries the recent trend of sacrificing comfort to speed toward its inevitable conclusion. Future boats must be built still lighter and driven even harder.

Back at the dock a *Blue Blazer* Type is strolling past the fleet. "They sailed over from Miami," he is telling the lady on his arm. "Must be a jolly relaxing way to pass a weekend."

END

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Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

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Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta (purplish red) and green. Chromix adds two more: blue and brown. Four instead of two. For a complete range of colors. Whether or not you use them is up to you, but they're there if you want them.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL. Keeps picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL. Keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER. Gets rid of impurities in the color.

Not all brands have all these features. All Sears sets do.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is most pleasing. You may like the color of a particular set, but someone else may not.

The only way to decide if it's good or bad is to look at it. If the color pleases you, fine. If not, keep shopping.

Thousands of people who come into Sears never go any further. They like Sears color the moment they see it.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

Color television sets are becoming easier and easier to tune.

One reason is that an AFC—automatic fine tuning control—is on most of the better sets.



Sears sets range from less than \$100 to \$300. These are just a few from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on. Or flip channels.

Is it necessary? Many people think so. Without it, you would have to fine tune your picture manually. And most people can't do it half as well as the AFC can.

The Sears automatic fine tuner is better than most because it can pick up signals that others miss.

Sears puts AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

Ease of tuning, like color quality, varies from one set to the next. Some brands are more difficult to tune than others.

The only way to know if a particular model is easy to tune is to try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube.

No doubt you'll be reading about the new *wide screen picture*. What is it?

With it you'll see the entire picture — just as the cameraman sees it. Up to now, part of the picture was cut off at the sides. Now you'll see everything.

Sears has the new wide screen picture on its new 25" (diagonal measure) color television.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter, making the color picture brighter and clearer.

At Sears we use the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without sacrificing contrast. In other words, without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. You can turn on any light in your room and hardly get a reflection of that light on your TV screen.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. Sears has it in most of their sets.

How good are portables? At Sears, they're as good as consoles.

You'll get just as good color from a portable as you will from a console. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, consoles and portables are basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.

Model for model, the only real difference

between a portable and a console, other than cabinetry, is the size of the speaker.



Sears new Medalist II. The color portable with Automatic Tint Lock.

Automatic Tint Lock, bonded etched tube and the new wide-screen picture.

As far as general characteristics go, Sears portables range in screen size from 11 in. (diagonal measure) to 19 in. Weigh anywhere from 38 lbs. to 70 lbs. And start under \$200.

Service and selection. You can't do better than Sears.

Be sure to ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

Everytime someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as *selection* goes, Sears is your best bet.

We've got everything from portables to table models to full-size consoles with the new 25-inch (diagonal measure) wide screen picture. It's the largest available.

What it all boils down to, is that Sears can give you all those things that everyone else makes such a fuss over. Plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you — at any price.

If you like, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

With baseball, golf and specials coming up,

now is a perfect time to get a color TV. Come into Sears — and we'll help you pick just the right set.

Sears

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Most Glittering Sport Science of The Week—

They came from everywhere to honor Joe Louis on his 57th birthday, all belted up to banquet tables at Caesar's Palace on the Las Vegas Strip, where Joe is in residence now. The 1,100 "greets, near-greets and mere mortals," as the invocation put it, paid \$100 a plate to hear the stars of stage, screen, etc. sing or otherwise do their thing (Ed Sullivan's thing was quoting from one of his old columns). The prize for the guest who had traveled farthest to honor Joe went to Max Schmeling, who was sitting there with his old opponent plus such luminaries as Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn and Ricardo Montalban. Everybody laughed a lot and cried a lot, after which it was left to that old acid-tongue, Don Rickles, to end the evening with the life. "This is a big thing for me." To come over here between shows and do a free bit for a colored fighter?"

★ And here is 10-year-old goalie Mark Bolton, "the last line of defense" for the Kingsleigh Methodist Club's soccer team in Leigh, England. Here is Mark with 565 soccer balls, representing the 565 goals that got by him before the season had even ended. The team lost 34 out of 34 matches, by scores such as 33-0, 29-0 and 27-1 (yes, Kingsleigh

Methodist), but what Mark said when he faced all the soccer balls in a local factory was, "It doesn't look so many on paper, but there certainly seem to be a lot when you see them all like this."

Yup. And if you want to know the real truth, Mark, 565 doesn't look all that great on paper, either.

Explanations: Good

Penn State's football and basketball coaches, Joe Paterno and John Black, both city boys, teamed up to lose the university's cow-milking contest. They lost, Paterno says, "because we never had to do this to get milk in Brooklyn."

Explanations: Bad

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has launched a campaign to protect British birds of prey from being killed illegally by gamekeepers and landowners. And Patrick Gough, secretary of the Gamekeepers' Association, is angry about it. Why? Well, he says that the bird-of-prey population has not dropped much lately, but the number of gamekeepers is way down.

Explanations: Vivid

Dominguez has announced that at 45 he is planning to return to the bullring, because fighting bulls is so terrific. "It is like being with the woman

who pleases you most in the world when her husband comes in with a pistol," he says. "The bull is the woman, the husband and the pistol, all in one. No other life I know can give you all that."

Uh huh, maybe not. But we know a bunch of people who seem genuinely willing to settle for less.

Astronaut Deke Slayton munched up to Anchorage recently with a NASA display and slipped off for a little fishing with NASA's Ray Alford and two Anchorage businessmen, Lee Fisher and Bob Livesey, plus two guides. Deke had just landed three rainbows on the upper Naknek River when a game protection officer nabbed the whole group for fishing inside a closed area. "We were only about 200 yards within the boundary—and we didn't see any signs," Alford said, but inside is inside and everybody was lined up before Magistrate Elmer Harrop. Slayton and Alford were fined \$50 apiece, payment suspended, and Slayton also was sentenced to address the Naknek grammar school—which he was scheduled to do anyway. Then Fisher and Livesey were fined \$50 each, but their fines were paid by one of the guides, presumably on the grounds that the guides should have known better. As is customary, Harrop confiscated everybody's fishing gear and refused to sell it back.

It would never happen on the moon, right, Deke?

Now, the second saddest fishing story of the week:

Joe Byers, an Indianapolis schoolteacher, planned a weekend fishing trip and told his class that he would pay a penny for every night crawler delivered to him the next day. So the next day he had 1,500 worms. "They just kept coming," Byers says. "It looked like we were going to have a spaghetti feed." He went



to the bank to get the \$15, skipping lunch (so who wouldn't have skipped lunch—it might have been spaghetti), but he didn't get to go fishing. Too busy down in the cellar filling an old washtub with dirt to make a home for his worms.

★ And it's Eddie Arcaro, up on—well, uh—up on Missing Data Unavailable! Arcaro, in Hunt to consider some investments, claimed the burro was his first mount in nine years. Which would make little MDU mount number 24,093.

A bunch of Congressmen took to bicycles the other day to promote their use for the good of the environment, and the following cyclist exchange has been reported:

Walter Flowers (D, Ala.): "This rain is great for the trees. Look at that dogwood!"

Bob Tiersman (D, R.I.): "How can you tell it's dogwood?"

Flowers: "By the bark; didn't you hear it?"

Aagh. Hey, Flowers, the idea was not to pollute the environment, remember?





A good one for the books

Larry Dierker, an English major at the University of Houston who says he favors Shakespeare, Homer, Aeschylus and "all that stuff," first heard of the accusation made by Dave Marshall, an outfielder for the New York Mets, while reading a contemporary author, Jim Bouton.

"That sees me off," said the young classicist, looking up from his book. "Why should I throw at him?"—the implication being that Marshall is not a victim worthy of the crime.

These, in reverse, were pretty much the sentiments expressed by Marshall himself earlier on the *Kane's Kover* television program. Why should Dierker throw at him? In the game just com-

pleted he was forced to dodge a third-inning fastball, and he was about the only Met who had not yet creamed Dierker's pitching. Marshall recovered three innings later and whacked a grand-slam homer off Dierker's immediate successor, George Culver. He told Ralph Kiner he was glad three of those runs were charged to Dierker.

"I didn't throw at him," said Dierker. "It irritates me when they can't see that sometimes you miss on an inside pitch. If I had the kind of control he seems to think I've got, he'd never get a hit off me."

Normally Larry Dierker's control is impeccable and his temper controllable, but this was his first loss of the season after five consecutive wins for the Houston Astros, and he was in no mood to suffer petty accusations. Besides, his arm—sore all season despite his record—was bothering him. "My elbow just stiffens up on me so that I can't throw good breaking pitches," he said.

Even when angry, Dierker's appearance is mild. He has a face reminiscent of Claude Jarman Jr. in *The Yearling*—heart-shaped, pink and innocent, crowned by tumbling reddish-blond hair. But when he is pitching he has, in the words of his manager, Harry Walker, "a good firm stomach for this game."

Dierker's catcher, Johnny Edwards, most admires his intelligence and his unflappable presence on the mound. Dierker had a shutout working several years ago, Edwards recalls, when Author Bouton, then merely a pitcher for the Astros, decided to calm the youngster down. He found him sitting in the dugout between innings with his head hung low, *assembling something*.

"Jim thought he must be giving in to the tension," said Edwards. "Then he realized Larry was singing *Rocky Rococo*, the Beatles' song."

This anecdote is just one of 20 references to Dierker in Bouton's controversial first book, *Ball Four*. When Dierker was interrupted reading an advance copy of the sequel, *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Seriously*, he protested that he preferred the classics to the memoirs of old teammates.

Anyway, he has some fine memories of his own. Dierker is only 24, but this is his eighth year in the big leagues—he pitched his first game for Houston on his 18th birthday, Sept. 22, 1964—and he had 71 wins entering this season. By

comparison, Tom Seaver, who is two years older, had only four more victories. And one of Dierker's seasons—1967—was foreshortened by military reserve duty. He was a 20-game winner at 22 and the ace of the Astros' staff, whatever that may mean. "At 24," says Edwards, "he has the savvy of a pitcher of 29. And he's learning all the time."

With savvy comes a certain sophistication. Dierker, for example, is not overly impressed with his fast start this season. At roughly the same time a year ago he had eight wins and two losses. There followed a dreadful drought in which he did not win a game for almost two months. He rallied to finish the season with 16 wins and 12 losses, a distinct comedown from his 20-13 record of 1969, but nevertheless impressive.

Dierker defeated every team in the league save the Mets last year, but he sees no omen in his loss to them last week. On the contrary, he feels that his control is better than ever—he has walked only 15 batters in 64½ innings. Sunday he won his sixth game and he feels he can win 20 games again.

Whether he does or not, he will continue to pursue the academic life in the off season. He started college at the University of California at Santa Barbara and hopes to finish at Houston, where, he says, he is "about 50 hours away" from a degree. Dierker selected English as a major not so much because he aspires to step into the literary toepoles of ex-colleague Bouton, but because he just likes to read. If he did write, the title of his book would be *Ball Four*. Better control than Bouton.

THE WEEK

NL EAST The most amazing thing about the Mets was their batting. All those 200 homers of the past—Kranepool, Marshall, Harrison—are suddenly 300 homers, which would account for the team's 14 wins in the last 17 games. "You can see what it means if you get hitting with our pitching," said Manager Gil Hodges smugly. The Cincinnati Cubs were not doing much hitting, but their pitching was stupefying—five straight complete-game wins. Cub pitchers, in fact, already have recorded 18 com-

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HOBBIES: Horticulture, sky-diving, motor-cycling, sports-car rallying.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Meaning of Meaning"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-Founder and Treasurer of the Dance Theater of Harlem.

QUOTE: "The Dance Theater was an opportunity to bring Wall Street and the ghetto together. They're worlds apart, but money and talent can go a long way when there's mutual respect. Respect made the whole thing work. I only wish there was more of it to go around."

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MERCURY

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plete games, which not only is different from the way things began last season but spares Manager Leo Durocher the embarrassment of looking to his depopulated bullpen. Pittsburgh's Luke Walker has not been pitching badly either—12 earned runs in his seven starts—but he does not have those Met bats working for him so his record is an undistinguished 1-4. Two of his losses have been by 2-1 scores, one by 2-0. The lone win was, of course, a shutout, on April 8 against Philadelphia. The Phillies have not had much luck, either. Pitcher Barry Lersch cost himself a win over Atlanta by throwing wild to Second Baseman Denny Doyle on a bunt play. "It kept curving," said Doyle, "and I kept reaching and I never did get my glove on it." "I wish I'd throw that kind of curve to the hitter," said Lersch, retaining his sense of humor. No pitcher has beaten Houston more often—23 times—than Bob Gibson of St. Louis, prompting the Astros' Doug Rader to say, "If I had Gibson's arm, I'd pinch from a wheelchair." Gibson may, in fact, be in need of a wheelchair. He has been complaining of a sore left knee and ankle. Montreal has enough trouble just trying to play a game. Eight times the Expos have been rained out. When they do play, Rusty Staub hits. He had four in a row against the Reds, two off broken bats. "I just hit them where they weren't," said he, cleaning up Willie Keeler's grammar.

NY 21-11 PIT 20-14 ST. L. 26-15
CHI 18-17 MON 13-13 PHIL 10-22

NL WEST It has been a long time since capacity crowds watched a GIANT-DODGER series in Candlestick Park, but with the stadium's capacity reduced to 34,000 because of construction work, the two teams all but filled it three days in a row over the weekend. The crowds were duly entertained as San Francisco continued its remarkable winning ways. The team can apparently do no wrong. On Friday, for example, Dodger Manager Walter Alston brought in Bill Russell for defensive purposes at second base and moved Jim Lefebvre to third. In the next inning they both made errors as the Giants scored five runs to win 8-4. On Saturday, the Giants got only two hits off Bill Singer—a double by Willie Mays and a single by Dick Dietz—but both came in the seventh and they were good for a 1-0 win behind Juan Marchal's third shutout of the season. Last year's champions, the CINCINNATI Reds, lost three in a row to the Giants earlier in the week. "I may be down now," said the Reds' beleaguered manager, Sparky Anderson, "but I will get up off the floor. And

continued

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BASEBALL'S WEEK *continued*

If I can't get up," he added, "I'll take what comes when I'm down." Joining Anderson's team is Al Ferrara, who as an outfielder with SAN DIEGO was one floor down from the Reds. In return, the Padres got Outfielder Angel Bravo, who had been playing for the Reds' farm team in Indianapolis. San Diego Manager Preston Gomez figured there was an unseen drawback to the trade. Ferrara is the intelligent sort of player who is always looking for an edge. Said Gomez: "When we play Cincinnati, I'll have to change our signs and our strategy because this man knows me like a book." Many ballplayers visiting New York bring expensive gifts home to their wives. After a losing series with the Mets, HOUSTON's Norm Miller brought his wife a rubber chicken. ATLANTA's Henry Aaron was ready to give Astro Manager Harry Walker the bird for saying he now only swings for home runs. "I don't think I need Harry Walker to tell me how to hit," said two-time batting champion Aaron, but Aaron's average had dropped to .262.

RF 27-10 ATL 17-10 LA 18-10
HOUSE 10-10 CIN 13-21 SD 10-24

AL EAST

WASHINGTON's Denny McLain survived a perilous two-run ninth-inning rally to beat his old DETROIT teammates 3-2 in their first confrontation of the season. It was sweet revenge for McLain, who admitted that all he needed for inspiration was "to see those Detroit uniforms." But beating the team that traded him away after his suspension of a year ago did not compare with winning the sixth game of the 1968 World Series for Detroit, said McLain. In fact, he said, his wife probably got more out of the win over Detroit than he did. "Everything I went through last year, she went through," he said. "This must mean a lot to her." The next day, without McLain, Washington won 4-3. Part of the Tigers' troubles, says Manager Billy Martin, is onetime slugger Willie Horton. After an 0-for-9 performance at bat and some sloppy play afield, Horton was benched for one game. Next day, when Martin put him back in the lineup, Horton benched himself, complaining of a sore shoulder. "This is something I can't understand," said an angry Martin. "I played for the Yankees when I had the flu, pneumonia, broken bones and a few other things wrong with me. My salary was \$20,000; and I was hungry." Said the well-fed Horton, who gets \$80,000. "Maybe it's a good sign that I've got McLain's old locker. Maybe I'll be the next one to get the hell out of here." Down in the cellar, where the CLEVELAND Indians live, life was more peaceful. Ray Lamb, an off-season movie extra, defeated NEW YORK 2-1 in the first complete

game of his brief major league career. When he was rewarded with a promotion to the starting rotation, the grateful but slightly uneasy Lamb said, "It's funny. Nobody talks to the starting pitcher before the game because they think he's lost in mental preparation. Actually, I'd like to talk to anybody to get my mind off it all."

BOST 20-11 BALY 18-12 DET 16-17
NY 19-18 WASH 18-19 CLEV 12-20

AL WEST Nothing seemed to come out right in KANSAS CITY. The team lost four in a row. The new girl cheerleaders were cheerless—"People got mad when we stood up to cheer," said one. "They said they couldn't see the game." And Outfielder Carl Taylor went on a dreadful tear. Irked when Umpire Jerry Neudecker said he trapped, rather than caught, a Brooks Robinson line drive, Taylor charged the ump. Teammate Cookie Rojas intervened and was punched in the jaw for his trouble. Two nights later, Taylor took himself out of a game with the Orioles, burned his sweatshirt in the clubhouse and disappeared. He turned up in Sarasota, Fla., where he said his mother was sick and he was sorry. Jim Fregosi of CALIFORNIA was sorry, too—sorry about the sore foot that keeps him out of the Angels' lineup. Pondering surgery, the shortstop arrived at a mathematical equation—"The question is whether they want me at 100% for 20% of the season or 50% for 100% of the season." Ignoring the percentages, Manager Lefty Phillips said patiently, "Fregosi will tell me when he thinks he can play." That's exactly what MINNESOTA's Cesar Tovar told his manager, Bill Rigney. "My friend," said Cesar, who had been in Caracas, Venezuela, for his father's funeral, "I am ready to play." True to his word, he hit a triple and two singles against the Red Sox. MILWAUKEE's rookie Pitcher Bill Parsons also came to play, and virtually his entire family came from near-by Riverside to watch him as he beat the Angels 4-1 in Anaheim. It was Parsons' third straight win, and the best thing about it, he said, was that "this was the first time my parents had seen me pitch as a professional." CHICAGO had been playing so poorly at home—two wins, 14 losses—that Manager Chuck Tanner was about to suit the White Sox up in road uniforms for a weekday doubleheader with the Senators. He didn't, though, and the Sox won both games. Charlie Finley, the OAKLAND owner, told Cleveland owner Vern Stouffer he was so anxious to trade for Sam McDowell he did not care how many runs the Indian pitcher gave up in the game they were watching. McDowell gave up six runs as the A's won 8-1.

OAK 23-14 MINN 12-17 CAL 18-19
KC 12-12 MIL 14-12 CRI 13-20

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Meanwhile, back at the merge

While the ABA's Stars and Colonels were fighting for a championship, an important move to stop another fight was taking shape off court

Bob Gorrell, an oldtimer who moved from Boston to Ogden, Utah a few years back, took with him—as New Englanders characteristically do—a set of firm loyalties. Even 2,400 miles away he remained a Celtics fan. For a while, this wasn't too difficult—out there in the Utah hills, who else would you cheer for? But when the Los Angeles Stars moved to Salt Lake City at the end of the 1969-70 season, Bob Gorrell found himself caught up in a war—NBA vs. ABA—and his old loyalties under heavy fire. Eventually they dissolved, and he went over to the Stars and the ABA. Even so, he couldn't get away from the NBA completely, for when the ABA playoff finals began two weeks ago he ended up yelling for one old Boston Celtic, Bill Sharman, who is now coach of the Stars, and against another, Kentucky Colonels Coach Frank Ramsey.

If the two pro leagues have forced Bob Gorrell into excruciating agonies of choice, at least they have taken steps in the past two weeks to prevent him from committing any more heresies. While the Stars and Colonels batted at each other for six games (during which 355 fouls were called, a player suffered a bloody gash over his right eye from a smart jab delivered in the fifth round, er, game, and Kentucky fans staged a Trash-in at Freedom Hall by pelting the refs with crushed paper cups) the owners of the two leagues got together and—in a rare moment of sanity—agreed to merge.

The Colonels, who finished the regular season 11 games behind Virginia, the Eastern Division winner, had been expected to bow out quickly against Utah, much as the Baltimore Bullets had against the Milwaukee Bucks in the NBA finals. Instead, Kentucky finally seemed to master the old Celtics offense which Ramsey installed in midyear, and worked its way into a 3-3 standoff with the Stars at the end of last week. The Colonels may have been helped by the fact that

their opponent's patterns seemed more than a little familiar. The meticulous Sharman, not surprisingly, has his team using the old Celtics attack, too.

Unfortunately, any resemblance between Utah, Kentucky and the old Celtics ends there, and the first six games of the series plainly showed that the ABA's best clubs are not yet a match for the NBA's finest (see ratings on page 73),

particularly on defense. But the ABA Coach of the Year, Al Bianchi of Virginia, explained where his league lags behind: "The difference is simply the big people—Alcindor, Reed, Unseld, Chamberlain, Thurmond and Hayes. They're all in the NBA."

Those tall men impose a different tempo on the NBA game because they control huge chunks of defensive territory all by themselves. Only Indiana's Mel Daniels among ABA pivemen is able to do the same. But while the absence of big centers deprives the newer league of an atmosphere of total professionalism, it does make the ABA's style less defense-oriented, the play livelier and the scoring higher.

And one place where the ABA did not suffer in comparison during the finals was at the gate. The first six games of

continued



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the Kentucky-Utah series drew an average of 12,085 fans—700 more per game than watched Baltimore and Milwaukee. Part of that disparity can be blamed on the smallness of the Bucks' arena. Still, the figures do reveal dramatic one-year growth for two of the younger league's teams. Last season, in Los Angeles, the Stars averaged 1,500 people a game for the regular season and 4,500 for the playoffs. This year they were the most successful first-season franchise ever, with a 6,246 attendance average, and their last six playoff games in the 12,224-seat Salt Palace drew standing-room crowds. Kentucky more than doubled its regular-season attendance this year, flushing with a 7,500 average.

Another thing the ABA has is six or seven extraordinary players who are virtually unknown to NBA fans. Utah has the finest of these hidden talents in 6' 6" Forward Willie Wise, who joined the Stars as a free agent two years ago after graduating from Drake. Wise may be the best all-round new forward in the pros. At least he will be until next season when Kentucky's Dan Issel switches to that position. Even though he has the natural qualities of a pro cornerman, Issel was forced to play center for the Colonels this year and ended up leading the ABA in scoring. The move raises an obvious question—who besides the Milwaukee Bucks will be able to stop the Colonels next year when Issel shifts outside to make room for the Alcindor-tall Artis Gilmore in the pivot?

The NBA-ABA merger is much more a return of the prodigal than a marriage between the Hatfields and the McCoy's. All but four of the young league's franchises have either NBA-trained leadership in the front office or a coach with NBA background—or both—and three of those four are perhaps the weakest ABA operations. Utah and Kentucky, both among the league's best-run organizations, typify the NBA presence in the ABA. Stars' President Vince Boryla is a former player, coach and general manager of the New York Knickerbockers; Sharmann not only starred for the Celtics but also coached the San Francisco Warriors to the NBA playoff finals four seasons ago; Mike Storen, the Colonels' president, worked in management positions with Baltimore and Cincinnati before joining the ABA; and Runmeyer, after his playing career in Boston, turned

THE NBA IS BEST—AND ALSO WORST

After watching both leagues throughout the season, Peter Cary ranks every team in the NBA and ABA and reaches some surprising conclusions

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Milwaukee Bucks | 15. Seattle SuperSonics |
| 2. New York Knicks | 16. Atlanta Hawks |
| 3. Baltimore Bullets | 17. Kentucky Colonels |
| 4. Los Angeles Lakers | 18. Memphis Pros |
| 5. Chicago Bulls | 19. New York Nets |
| 6. Phoenix Suns | 20. Cincinnati Royals |
| 7. Philadelphia 76ers | 21. Portland Trail Blazers |
| 8. Detroit Pistons | 22. Florida Floridians |
| 9. Utah Stars | 23. Pittsburgh Condors |
| 10. Indiana Pacers | 24. Buffalo Braves |
| 11. Boston Celtics | 25. Carolina Cougars |
| 12. San Francisco Warriors | 26. Texas Chaparrals |
| 13. Virginia Squires | 27. Denver Rockets |
| 14. San Diego Rockets | 28. Cleveland Cavaliers |

down an offer to coach the Celtics in order to remain close to his business interests back home in Madisonville, Ky.

The day after the leagues agreed to pursue the congressional antitrust waiver needed to conclude the merger, Storen was already looking to the future: "Now we have to turn to what is really the chief concern of basketball, professionalizing the operations on all levels. If our game is going to become as prosperous as everyone seems to think it can, we'll have to begin to meaningfully merchandise our product. Both leagues are crummy at doing that now."

The 18 months of fitful negotiation, recrimination and obstinacy preceding the merger seemed to prove that if basketball is to attain its goals a leadership void in the sport must be filled. Unlike the pro football merger five years ago, the basketball agreement is more a product of erosion than the result of decisive action of decisive men. In recent months some of the most powerful management men in both leagues have quietly acknowledged that neither of the present commissioners, the NBA's Walter Kennedy or the ABA's Jack Dolph, is likely to direct the new, combined league.

But such future challenges can be met only after—and if—the pro ownership successfully deals with its own players. The NBA Players Association is well organized, and last year it won an injunc-

tion ordering the leagues to continue to compete. Most players agree that their goal is not to block the merger, but to use it as a negotiating lever to pry some concessions from the owners, particularly in the area of determining for which team a man will play.

To that end the association has come on like the UAW preparing for a little one-on-one against General Motors. Last week the players announced they would stage an ABA-NBA all-star game in Houston's Astrodome May 28. Their aim, said NBA Players Association President Oscar Robertson, is to prove that the two leagues can compete on the basketball floor without having an "illegal merger." Management immediately screamed foul, contending that the players' contracts prohibit them from appearing in exhibitions of this sort without written permission. The whole affair seems headed for another of those contractual brouhahas that basketball has indulged in so often during the past several years—but it could have a positive aspect if it leads to an opening of serious talks between the players and owners.

No matter who wins in those negotiations, the best fans can hope for is an interleague schedule after two more seasons, which leaves Bob Gorrell a long time to think over how he will feel the first time the Boston Celtics come to play in Salt Lake City.

END

He gave 'em the Vienna waltz

Austria's little-known Adolf Ubleis took on famous opponents in the world driver championships—and soon had them dancing to his tune

They said it was a fluke—this young Austrian fellow coming over here to New York's Roosevelt Raceway and winning three straight on the opening night of harness racing's world driving championship. Skunk Billy Haughton and Herve Filion? Adolf Ubleis had to be plain lucky. But when he did it again four nights later at Saratoga Springs, even the grooms, a skeptical lot, became believers. "Never saw anything like it," said one dusty old character in Levi's. "This boy is good."

By the end of the first week of the two-week series—a punishing schedule of 34 races at nine different North American tracks—there were no remaining doubters. Ubleis had driven in 17 races at five tracks and had won nine of them

to go 263 points ahead of his nearest rival, Haughton, and virtually out of sight of the other six drivers. When the second week ended he had clinched the championship and had become the talk of the sport. Ubleis had proved he could win with long shots as well as favorites, go to the top or come from behind in the stretch for a victory. "He has the hands," said one rival. "Natural ability," said another. "The horses listen to him," said a third. Whether they understood him is another matter, since he speaks only German and the horses he drove—mostly cheap claimers—are not familiar with commands *auf Deutsch*.

In a brilliant driving exhibition at Saratoga, Ubleis won with a favorite, Little Love, in the first race, then beat Filion by a head and a nose in the next two with long shots Disband (\$34.20) and Joe Rodney (\$43.60). With Disband, Ubleis pulled out of fourth place going to the quarter pole—early in the race as European drivers often do—and took the lead on the paddock turn. Filion looked as if he would catch him at the top of the stretch, but Ubleis juggled up and down and nearly out of the sulky to keep his mount a head in front.

"He's got ability, all right," said a not-so-smiling Haughton. "I think I better like the guy." He wasn't kidding. Haughton said after some reflection; he planned to have a little talk with Herr Ubleis.

Only 33 years old, Ubleis got his professional trainer's license when he was 16 and now has some 60 trotters in his public stable in Baden, south of Vienna. Last year he won 105 races, including the prestigious Austrian Trotting Derby, and that's not bad for a man who drives only two or three days a week. To qualify for the world championship, Ubleis won the European driving title at Recklinghausen, Germany on April 12.

Although he won with four trotters in the U.S., Ubleis' biggest success was,

surprisingly, with pacers. Adolf had never sat behind a pacer before (in Europe there are none), yet he won six of 19 paces. His only difficulties came because he was not familiar with the pacing gate—something he found out when he warmed up his first one—and he was not able to read a race program properly to evaluate his horses' past performances. After the first few days, with the help of Kurt Kollross, his interpreter and the racing secretary at the two Vienna tracks where he drives, he learned that, too.

"He says he likes the pacers, even though they seem to pull more on the arms," Kurt said.

"Yeah, I see that," muttered last year's champ, Filion, resplendent in a blue and white, wide pinstriped blazer and white bell-bottoms. "When I watch how good he is doing, all I want to do is be able to finish second." Which is quite an admission from the most flamboyant driver in North American racing.

Something of a showman himself, Ubleis enjoyed the translated accolades, the handshakes, the slaps on the back. He cheerfully signed autographs and posed for photographers. A mischievous, crooked smile often wrinkled his face. His helmet was off, on, off again, and he was quick to wave a hand or flick the black and white driving whip he carried even off the track. Out in the paddock, after each win, he hopped up and down with glee and yelled indistinguishable German something to Kollross.

Sometimes Adolf tried a little English. After finishing last with a 14-year-old trotter named Gypsy Boy at Rosecroft, he cried, "Aha! Gypsy Boy! Gypsy Boy!" and gesturing with his hand at his chin to indicate a beard, said, "He is a grandfather." In Detroit, after Kollross had told a reporter, "He says to win this would be the greatest thing in his life," Adolf himself quipped, "Ja. As Cassius Clay. *Der Grösste!*"

The schedule was hectic—racetracks from New York to Washington to Saratoga to Toronto to Montreal to Detroit to Pittsburgh to Vernon to Philadelphia in 13 days—with planes and buses to catch, press conferences to attend and luggage to keep track of. Ubleis was tired. He didn't get enough sleep. The sporadic nature of the duty lunches and dinners bothered him, although his discovery of Scotch soups relaxed him a bit. He was smoking more than his usual pack a day of HBs, German-made fil-



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HARNESS RACING *continued*

ter cigarettes, and was fast going through the 20 packs he had brought with him. On the bus trip from Buffalo to Toronto he confessed that he was lonely; he wished his wife Herta were there.

Everyone else—except for Norway's Karsten Buer, who was accompanied by Alf Moe, his interpreter—brought along his wife and/or a gaggle of friends from his own country. Buer said that his wife thought the trip would be too much for her and, besides, she had to stay home on their farm near Oslo to care for the broodmares. He was happy to have come, however, because he had decided, at age 58, to retire from driving at the end of the year and would never get such a chance again.

Traveling with Jean-René Gougeon, the fortyish Frenchman who looks more like a diplomat than a race driver and has no intention of retiring from anything, were his translator and a well-known French journalist, Alex Ignatieff, amateur driver Didier Van Themsche and two pretty Parisian girls. Italy's Cencio Ossani, a smiling, round-teddy bear of a man, brought his attractive dark-haired wife Pia, the daughters of a horseman for whom Ossani trains and Italian journalist Rino Icardi. Not a one could speak English, so Roosevelt Raceway's Frankie Gennari rode along to interpret. One day Mrs. Ossani arrived at her hotel with two mink coats she had bought on a shopping binge in Montreal. Amid a lot of chattering and hand waving, Frankie smiled and said, "Mr. Ossani says he is glad she only took one day to shop."

Australia's Gordon Rothacker and New Zealand's Peter Wolfenden and their families were constant companions, strolling the pleasant woods of Saratoga and talking about the "ghastly long plane flights" which would take them home to winter.

Ulbes was joined by his pretty wife in time for Saturday's finale in Philadelphia, where he stalked the paddock nervously and fretted that Haughton might win a couple and catch him. Adolf's worries were brief, though: by merely finishing fourth in the first of three races the title was his.

Afterward, he said, "There is a song in Vienna that goes, 'To sit behind a horse is possible for any man. But to really drive a horse, that is possible only for a man from Vienna.'" That's some waltz, Adolf.

END

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River Towy

The three of them were already settled in the drawing room when Peter Williams and I arrived, sitting deep in the old chintz-covered chairs, whiskey glasses in their hands: Bertram Couch, Howard Gabe, John Mercer. The room had a faint, acrid, medicinal scent of old people, none of the furniture could have been bought after 1930.

I knew Mercer, the lawyer, well. We had met on the riverbank a dozen times, and now he got up to make the introductions. Momentarily I held two cold hands, brown-mottled, the veins standing high. "Give Mr. Gammon a drink," Bertram Couch said from the

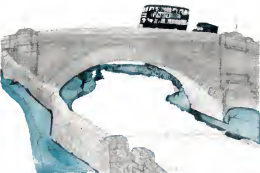
man knew, assuredly, what the river meant to me.

The River Towy, as a geography textbook might say, rises high in the mountains of mid-Wales, by Carreg-y-ast, and flows 60 miles through Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire to the sea at Llanstephan. It is not a big river. At the widest part it is possible, if you are a strong easter, to lose an expensive salmon lure by dropping it into the trees that overhang the far bank. Its salmon are neither as big nor as plentiful as those of its neighbor the Wye, though a very big fish was caught on the Towy once, the biggest fish ever to come from a river in

riven by storms into scree and deep gullies; and in a hollow of the mountainside there is a black, glacial lake called Llyn y Fan Fach. A man named Rhiwallon, from Bhenawade in the parish of Llanddeusant, was herding cattle on the shore one evening when a fairy woman came out of the water. As a man he was entranced by her beauty and, as a Towy Valley farmer, by the black fairy cattle that followed her. He offered her some of his hard-baked oaten bread, which she refused. He courted her next evening with a soft white loaf that melted her heart, so she married him, warning him, though, that if he struck her three times without cause she would return to the lake forever. They settled down in Esgur Laethly farm and she bore him seven sons, but inevitably the three undesired blows were struck and she disappeared again into Llyn y Fan Fach taking the cattle with her. She relented to some extent, though, returning to instruct her sons in the art of medicine, before vanishing again.

So they became the Seven Physicians of Myddfai, the most skilled in the whole of Wales at that time, which was the 12th century. But it was only in 1880 that the last Towy Valley doctor claiming direct descent died, and only in the last 20 years has the local custom of climbing up to the Llyn on the first Sunday in August to see if the fairy would reappear died out.

The physicians of Myddfai may just be a folk tale, but Twm Sion Catti was real enough, and he lived in a cave high up in the steep valley above Randerwynn where the Towy, which is here no more than a mountain torrent, cascades through ferns and red-berried mountain ash from one white-capped, swirling, bathroom-sized pool to the next. Twm, though he never gained the same sort of international fame as Robin Hood, did the same class of work, only singlehanded. He robbed the rich sheep farmers to feed the poor, made a hobby of escaping from jails and sheriffs and happily crowned his career by carrying off the heiress of Ystradffin (Ystrad is still there—the walls are five feet thick and you could hold a dance in the kitchen). He ended as a model of respectability, Thomas Jones, Esq., Justice of the peace, of Fountain Gate, Breconshire. That was in the 17th century. His cave is still there, though hard to find in summer when the oak trees,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN MACMURDO

chair from which he hardly ever rose. Mercer poured whiskey from a Waerford decanter, I took the glass and stood there tongue-tied, as nervous as a girl at her first formal dance.

Gabe told me to take a seat. He was very tall and bent, a surgeon now retired for nearly 20 years. "I hope you won't be bored with our little meeting. Just details to be settled before the season starts. You know the river, of course."

He knew well how unlikely it was that I felt bored, even though Mercer was now standing and reading out details of the tax assessment of the fishery, 1969-70, in the kind of impersonal voice he used in the courtroom prosecuting somebody for a driving offense. And the old

Britain. A man was trying for salmon at L'elinfach when he came on it stranded on a gravel bank. He threw down his rod and ran to the Greyhound Inn where they laughed at him over their pints until his babbling finally convinced them and they went out to look. What they saw sent them back for a big farm horse, rope and tackle. They hauled it out in the end. It was a sturgeon, 365 pounds. That was in 1935. Being a royal fish, it was sent up to London to King George VI, who presumably acknowledged it, but his message is not recorded locally.

Other strange things have happened, too. Up river from where the sturgeon was caught, under the shadow of Bannau Sir Gair, the cliff has been cut and

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River Towy continued

among the white rock outcrops, are in full leaf.

The salmon spawn here in midwinter, running in from the sea from May on. Once we used to feel cheated that we had no spring run, but not any longer. It's the spring rivers that have been hardest hit by the Danish high-seas netting. The Towy still goes on producing its modest 1,000 or so rod-caught fish a season. The average size is modest also: about 10 or 11 pounds. The native brown trout aren't much to boast of, either. It's true you can catch dozens in a day but a half-pounder is a good fish and anything over a pound is a big event. It isn't hard to find the reason. The Towy runs out of high moorland, impoverished, then in nourishment. Very little weed grows in it. Turn one of its polished stones and there is nothing like the rich, crawling life that you get under stones in more fertile rivers. There is little fly life either, just odd, sparse hatches of olive flies that seem to surprise the trout so much that they rise to them only spasmodically. Hardly anybody bothers to fish for trout on the Towy unless he wants a few for the breakfast pan.

Fortunately, these are not the only trout that the Towy offers. Somewhere at the misty beginnings of the river, when the glaciers retreated north, some of them rejected the bare-bones existence that the river offered and migrated downstream to the sea. They fed richly on sand eel, young herring and sprat and when they ran back into the river in the summer floods to spawn they were so utterly changed that until well into this century they were regarded as a different species. In the Towy and the other Welsh rivers, anglers called them sewin. They went by the name of white trout in Ireland, peal in Devon and Cornwall, finnock and herling in Scotland, morts in the North of England. When they ran back from the sea they were brilliant silver, pink-fleshed, wild to hit any lure that swung in front of their noses—for the first 24 hours or so, until the color of the flood which had brought them upstream faded from the water, when they became the shyest fish imaginable, moving only at night. Sea-run brown trout, from first-year babies that dropped down to the sea in May and returned in September, a pound in weight, to great heavy-shouldered fish that have spawned eight or nine times and grown to 20

continued

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By Tom Follett
Marine Consultant

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River Towy continued

pounds and more. And according to some, because of its long, winding estuary, and according to others, on account of its utter barrenness, the Towy and its tributary Coth have arguably the finest run of sea trout in Britain.

In the smoky, old man's room where we sat, I now thought of the first time I saw the river after a long, wartime journey in an old double-decker bus that had wheezed up from the city through black little coal-mining towns, through picturesque villages named after their chapels, until the country turned green and the hills got higher. I was with this other desperate 12-year-old, Randall Rees Evans, we had a bag can of worms and we reckoned we were in for the fishing of our lives. As anglers, Evans and I had come a long way together: we'd caught mullet from the docks, perch and eels from a filled-in quarry. They locked the park gates at dusk, so we climbed the railings in the wartime blackout and hammered hell out of the carp in the ornamental lake. Lately, though, we had begun to encounter difficulties. That spring, as an afterthought to flattening the center of the city, the Luftwaffe had dropped a stick of bombs into the park lake. One of them didn't explode so the lake had to be drained. Then one day we went down to the docks and, instead of the policeman who knew us, there was a soldier with an automatic pistol who wasn't letting anybody through.

There was one advantage to the war, though. It cleared away a lot of the competition, so that when our close-range fishing was made impossible and we explored farther afield on our bicycles, we found that the little trout brooks a few miles past the outer suburbs had been lying fallow for a couple of years. The young men were all away, the old ones couldn't get gas for their cars. The brooks were overgrown with nettles and brambles but we squirmed through; our worn technique became deadly and we always rode home with hanks of little golden-bellied trout tied to the handlebars. Naturally, in the end that wasn't enough for us. The trout were small, greedy and easy. We started to look

around for something a little better.

Rees Evans found it one afternoon when poor old Soapy Davies was trying to tell us about Ohm's Law or some such in physics. They'd brought him back from happy retirement to teach us, because of the manpower shortage, and he couldn't break the habit of spending lunchtime slipping the Mountain Dew. Soapy didn't mind what happened in the afternoons as long as they passed swiftly. Evans, considerably, was enjoying his reading, unlike his usual practice of flicking inky spitballs into my



back. Then he gave me a shove. "Listen to this," he said.

Evans had got hold of an old copy of *Where to Fish*, a guide published by *The Field*, where it noted, "The Towy: salmon, trout, sewin. Mostly preserved." It convinced him: "Only mostly preserved," he said. "We can get a bus to Llandilo. My auntie goes up there to get black-market butter." Evans was short, dark and intense, and his glasses were mended with adhesive plaster.

"I haven't got any money," I said. "What's a sewin?"

"I've got birthday money," said Evans. "You can pay me back. A sewin," he said, inventing wildly, "is a young salmon."

So for the first time in our lives we saw a real river, the legendary Towy, crashing white past the old gray buttresses of Llandilo Bridge into a deep

rocky pool then sliding out into a broad and shining glide shadowed green with oaks.

"Is it all right to fish here?" I asked Evans. There was a little pink-washed farmhouse almost under the bridge.

"We'll ask," Evans said.

We knocked on the front door for a while but no one answered, so we went through the yard to the back. The kitchen door was open and a goose walked out. I hammered on the window. There was a shriek, footsteps and a woman came out. She had a pan of boiled-over milk in one hand, and a baby on the other arm was hanging onto her hair. It had jam all over its face.

"Can we fish here please?" I asked politely.

"You can do what the hell you like," she screeched, slamming the door.

"There you are," said Evans.

"Permission sometimes obtainable from farmers, just like it says in the book."

On our bank, pastureland ran down to the water, and black-and-white Holstein-Friesians were grazing. The river was bigger and more baffling than anything we had seen before, but we put our rods together, tied on hooks and impaled our normal worm baits. They plopped into the pool a few yards out and we sat on the grass to await the miracle.

Nothing happened for a while. We unwrapped our sandwiches and chewed silently. "We'll have one in a minute," said Evans confidently.

"Oh, will you?" roared a terrible voice behind us.

I choked uncontrollably on my cheese. I could only turn round very slowly. Evans, white, put up his hands protectively to his glasses. A huge, ugly man with a red face and a stick in his hand towered over us.

"And who are you?" this ogre roared again.

"Randall Rees Evans," my friend whispered. I still couldn't speak.

"Get out of it! Get out before I change my mind!"

Scrabbling desperately for our bits and pieces, we ran like hell across 200 yards of meadow, over the gate and onto the main road. A small, way man was

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River Towy *continues*

leaning on the parapet of the bridge.

"Friends of the Earl of Cawdor, are you?" he asked us pleasantly. We said we were not.

"I thought I'd ask," he said, "because you've just been fishing his water. I suppose you've got licenses to fish, have you?"

"No," said Evans jauntily, recovering now, "but we're not fishing his water now, are we?"

"Ah," said the wry little man, still pleasant. "I see you're a bit confused. The gentleman you met just now is the keeper. He looks after permission to fish. And I," he said, raising his voice to a sharp bark, "am the River Board Bailiff. I look after licenses and that is a different thing altogether. Come along with me."

We followed him. Where to? The police station? Jail? Thank God, no. He was turning into a fishing tackle shop. "These young gentlemen," he told the man behind the counter, "require fishing licenses."

He stood behind us while Evans got the rest of his birthday money out. "That's better," he said. "Even the Earl has to have one of those. Now listen to me. It's a bit early in the year for the sewn. Come up again in June, but leave the Earl's water alone. Get a day ticket from the Llandilo club."

We didn't go back to the Towy together, though, and Randall Rees Evans was never as keen on fishing again. He ended up as an industrial chemist for an oil company. I lost touch with the Towy also. I went off to college, then to the Air Force, then to a teaching job in the industrial North of England. When I came back to Wales it was to the western corner, where I fished the Atlantic beaches for bass and the lakes for pike. It wasn't until 1960 that I returned to Swansea again and began to think once more of the Towy.

By that time fishing was even harder to get than it was in my school days. Even the tidal water around Carmarthen Town had been taken over by a club, featureless, deep, slow-flowing water with no character. But at least you could join the club, and I did. I spent hours on the high muddy banks working a big, shiny spoon through the turbid water in the hope that a salmon on its way upstream—fish never rested in the tidal stretch—would see it in passing and grab it. In that first season only two did,

which was not surprising. When the salmon were running you had to be there at dawn to get a good stance. By midday the bank was crowded: it was even difficult to park near the river. The sewn were still more problematic. They hastened through that grubby water even swifter than the salmon.

It was a somewhat crazy situation, because by this time my life had taken a new turn. I still taught, but now I was lecturing in the Faculty of Education at Swansea instead of at the equivalent of high school. I had a great deal more free time and, almost imperceptibly, from writing odd pieces for angling magazines, I found myself running the fishing column in the London *Daily Express*. This brought with it the chance of occasional, magnificent fishing trips to places I'd never hoped to reach before—the Scottish Dee, the Irish Blackwater, the Norwegian Driva. And all the time the Towy was flowing through green Carmarthenshire 30 miles away and I could never lay my hands on it, not on the real Towy. Until, that is, I met Peter Williams.

It wasn't on any kind of joyful occasion. I went to Williams because I'd heard he was a good lawyer. I'd been involved in changing houses and it seemed to me that the legal charges and fees had been somewhat exaggerated. Williams looked at them and snorted like a small war-horse. In the end he saved me \$500 and put in his own bill for \$10 a man I instantly warmed to, though I would never have suspected him to be a fisherman. That didn't emerge until a month or two later, when we met again at a dull party. I was just back from the Dee, or somewhere, and I must have mentioned it to him because he said, "If you ever fancy a day of some fishing on the Towy, please give me a ring."

And that was how I first saw the Dolgarrog water, as a guest of Peter Williams. Our routine was always the same. We'd fix a day and Williams would say he couldn't conservatively leave the office before 5.30. At lunchtime, though, he'd ring and tell me he'd canceled appointments from 4.30 on. I'd get to his office to find him dancing about like a gnome, half-changed in pinstriped pants and a hoary old tweed coat with flies in the lapel while his ancient, motherly secretary clocked distractedly. The home-going traffic would be thick by the time

we got out, and often I feared that Peter would finally blow himself to pieces as he kept up a steady stream of choking, hissing vituperation at the drivers of all the cars that had placed themselves between himself and Dolgarreg. By the time we got there he needed all the gentle therapy that Dolgarreg could bring.

Dolgarreg would heal the soul of anybody. At the top of the fishing the Towy comes scattered in a million points of light over a broad ford, then cuts into the hillside under a stand of dark green pines running very deep on the far side. This is unimpeachably called the Top Pool, 200 yards of holding water for salmon and big sewin. The last red kites in Britain, big, fork-tailed birds of prey, soar over the Top Pool sometimes. There are fewer than a dozen pairs left, and they breed higher up in the valley, above Rannurwyn. Then the river flows broad and shallow again to the next pool, which is Island Cottage, a great, black, scoured-out frothing pot that slowly disciplines itself into a fast run. Island Cottage nearly always holds salmon, but they are impossible to approach with fly or spinner because the currents are too contrary, making any lure move unnaturally. For that reason this is the only pool where fishing with a great bunch of lobworms is permitted.

After Island Cottage, the Flat, a quarter mile of smooth water, consistently four or five feet deep, a clear white pebble beach on one side, tall, overhanging oaks on the other. When the river runs low in the summer, this is where the sewin lie, great shoals of them that turn your heart over when you climb one of the trees and look down with Polaroids. The Flat is for night fishing, when the sewin come out from the shadow of the oaks. It is never touched in the daytime.

The Groyne comes next, where the River Board has put in a series of stone piers to stop the Towy cutting into the pastures to the north. They have formed a deep, bare-banked, sulky pool that holds fish that very, very seldom take—a dark, unresponsive, mysterious place. But in the Sticks the river comes to life again. Once the Towy undercut a small wood here, and the stumps and boughs still jut out of the water, creating swirls, eddies and deep places. The timber could be hauled out easily enough, but there is no intention of doing this. Sewin love

the shelter and they stay in the Sticks as long as they can. The pool is nearly always well stocked.

Below the Sticks, Dolgarreg's finest salmon pool, Gllantowy. Below that the Run and, invention flagging again, the Bottom Pool and the Bottom Sticks until the Dulais Brook runs in and that is the end of the fishing. Two miles of it altogether, the fishing rights that Peter Williams in partnership with Gabe, Couch and Mercer had bought piece by piece from the valley farmers soon after the war before values went mad. Fifteen thousand dollars it had cost them then. In 1969 the Manordell fishery, with a mile and a half of fishing below Dolgarreg, went to auction. It fetched \$72,000.

It is perhaps arguable whether any fishing can be worth this much, arguable too whether any four men should have the sole right to the fish that run up from the sea into a stretch of water. I have no answer to this, only that in the case of Dolgarreg there is no grudging of fishing permission to the farmers whose land adjoins the river and to good and responsible local anglers. As to the value, I think of the first evening I fished it alone.

It was early in May, and three days before, a gale of wind had come rearing in from the southwest and with it great bruised clouds that lashed rain on the mountains for more than 48 hours. The Towy spilled over its banks in a brown flood, carrying boughs and drowned sheep to the sea, and even when I got there, a full day after the rain had stopped, it was still too thick to fish. I stowed my tackle under a bush, walked upstream to see if the storm had done any damage to the banks and met Derek Jones, who works at the little railroad halt half a mile from the river—one of the local men who had a permit to fish. He said, "Don't go home. The river's beginning to clear up at Llanovery." That was five miles upstream. The clearance would reach Dolgarreg in less than half an hour. This was going to be spin-fishing water of course. The river would still be too heavy and colored for fly.

I walked back to the Gllantowy pool, rigged my tackle and tied on a No. 5 Mepps spinner, the biggest they make, the kind of lure that would send every sewin in the river scuttling for shelter in

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normal conditions. I stuck a twig in the bank at water level and watched the river retreat away from it by millimeters. I tried an experimental cast. It was possible to see the flash a foot or so under water. It was worth making a start.

The cliché on these occasions is, the fish could be lying anywhere. This I knew to be wrong. They would be out of the very fast water and they wouldn't be in the slacks, either. They'd be holding position in the smooth flats just below the pools. It isn't often in fishing that a theory is proved dramatically correct in seconds, as this one was. I flicked the spinner to the edge of the heavy water, letting it be carried around into the glide. There was no need to wind. It throbbed for a second or two; then the rod was violently wrenched down.

People make a lot of fuss about telling the difference between a salmon and a big sea trout. They go on about scale counts and imaginary lines drawn from the eye to the jaw; but in fact you know what you have got hold of the minute you've hit the fish. A salmon is very slow to be frightened. Sometimes it will keep you waiting a full half minute before it decides to move at all, and in the early stages of the fight it will simply proceed slowly and majestically in the direction it fancies, leading you like a pet poodle. Later it will go mad, but not at the beginning. A sewin, however, knows what the trouble is instantly and takes to the air.

As this one did now, in a series of wide, hysterical leaps that took it across and downstream until it was 50 yards from me and still jumping. Nobody can ever claim to be in control of a sea trout, even a two-pounder, in the first minute of the fight. I started to run downstream to shorten the line, but the fish changed its mind and ran toward me. It was trembling. This was a huge sea trout, more than 20 pounds. It came straight at me as I wildly reeled to keep in touch, it saw me, kept high and made off downstream again.

And then the drag of my lovely expensive Italian reel jammed solid. Incredibly, it didn't occur to me to knock off the antireverse check and try to play it on the reel handle. All I could think of doing was to follow the fish and I was waist high in the water and nearly swept away before the line snapped. The sewin jumped once more, to imprint its size on my mind.

I sat down trembling on the bank and looked at the reel. The trouble was in the spool. There was another one in my bag but it was loaded with four-pound-test line only, which was going to make me heavily outgunned with the river coming down bag and this class of sewin about. But there was nothing else to do, with maybe an hour of light left.

I rigged my gear again and cast—in the same place. Immediately another textbook sewin take, the fish high in the air, cartwheeling away. It was nothing like as big, though—about seven or eight pounds—and in the end, in 10 minutes maybe, I had it dumped down and just taking off line in angry buzzes each time I brought it within net range. Then I had it lolling on its side, looking a dull amber in the colored water, though it would be ingot-bright silver when I got it out.

I didn't get it out. The Mepps spinners I'd brought were a new type, made with, the makers said, instantly detachable treble hooks for swift replacement. This one detached instantly right enough, staying in the fish while the spinner flipped back to me. The spring clip arrangement had been activated by the incessant leaping of the fish, which I now watched sinking, exhausted, back into the depths of Glantowy.

I felt sick. I didn't want to fish anymore and I started to walk back to where I'd left my car. But almost at once I saw Derek Jones a couple of fields off making his way up to the Glantowy. The Territorial Imperative is what zoologists call what I felt then. I went back to what I reckoned was my patch, put on an old-fashioned, undetachable hooked Mepps and cast again. And again I was in.

Heaven knows how I landed that fish. I did everything wrong, let him have too much slack, tried to bully him into the net, but I couldn't lose this one, which was just as well, since I think I'd have gone straight into coma if I had. Derek came up and we weighed him. Twelve pounds 10 ounces and fresh from the sea.

It was rarely that I fished the Towy alone, though. The syndicate rule is that guests have to be accompanied by a member, except in an emergency. Peter fixed as many emergencies as he could, but there was a limit, and there were days of superb conditions when he was ma-

roomed in the courtroom without a hope of escape.

This meant that mostly we practiced the other kind of Towy sea-trout fishing—the night fishing in summer when the river was dead low and the shoals of sewin covered in shelter through the day, not moving until darkness fell. We had a rule for those nights. At dusk the big sewin would start to be restless; then, sitting silently in the cover of the trees, you would hear a reverberating crash, as if a boy had tossed a brick into the water. It was essential to do nothing at this stage. Not until the third fish had moved was it permissible to wade slowly and silently into the water, false-cast to get line out and then work down toward the fish as the thick, warm, mid-summer night closed in.

On one memorable night in mid-September 1969 I was wading the Flat below Island Cottage. The sewin were moody and there was the beginning of autumn chill in the air, but a five-pounder had sucked in my Dai Ben, the small, black-backed, gray-wool-bodied fly that is the most deadly sewin fly used on the Towy, and it now gave a pleasant weight to the bag that hung over my shoulder. I didn't think I would get another to go with him, though. The chill had set up the beginning of a white mist on the river. Once that spread over the water, it would be pointless to fish on. I kept casting fruitlessly until I saw a pinpoint of light wavering down from the Top Pool. Peter on his way back. I waded out to meet him, my nailed boots scrunching on the pebbles.

He'd had one take and missed it. Not worth fishing on, he said. We took the rods down in the torchlight. I poured coffee and stiffened it up, as was our custom, with whiskey from a little saddle flask.

"I was talking to old Bert Couch today," Peter said. "He's not well. He'll never come up the river again." Not once had I seen him there myself. I told Peter, not in five years.

"He wouldn't admit it until now. Did I ever tell you he took 17 sewin in one day from this water? In 1950, that was. Not one under six pounds."

We sat silently for a while as the moon started to slide out over the oaks.

"I was thinking," Peter said, "that

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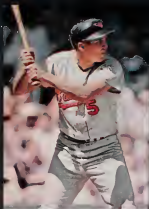
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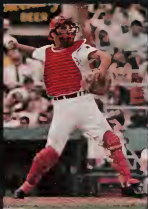
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293 ROLLY WILLIAMS, Chicago		893 CENE ALLEY, Pittsburgh		643 N. KILBRETH, Minn.	
095 J. JENNING, Chicago		990 WILLIE MAYS, S. F.		742 CESAR TOLAN, Minn.	
395 PETE ROSE, Cincinnati		992 WILLIE McCOVEY, S. F.		743 TONY OLIVA, Minn.	
394 JOHN BENCH, Cincinnati		104 JUAN MARICHAL, S. F.		744 ROD CAREW, Minn.	
396 TONY PEREZ, Cincinnati		895 ROBERT GORDON, S. F.		842 H. SPOTTELYNKE, N. Y.	
492 JIM Wynn, Houston		896 BOB GIBSON, St. Louis		843 ROBERT MURKIN, N. Y.	
592 WILLIE GAYTS, Los Angeles		898 LOU BROCK, St. Louis		843 ROY WHITE, New York	
594 WES PARKER, Los Angeles		141 B. ROBINSON, Balt.		941 RICK MONDAY, Oakland	
595 BILL SINGER, Los Angeles		142 F. ROBINSON, Balt.		942 CAMPY CAMPANERIS, Oak.	
691 TOM SEVER, New York		143 MIKE CLELLAN, Balt.		943 REGGIE JACKSON, Oak.	
692 B. HARRELSON, New York		144 BOB FOSSELL, Balt.		944 JIM ODOM, Oakland	
694 JERRY RIDEMAN, New York		241 CARL YASTRZEMSKI, Boston		942 FRANK HOWARD, Wash.	
695 CLEON JONES, New York		244 REGGIE SMITH, Boston		943 MIKE EPSTEIN, Wash.	

River Towy continued

you might like to take his place." "I couldn't begin to afford it," I said. "Ah, well, there's ways and means," he said vaguely. We talked of other things on the way home. The subject was not raised again until the spring of last year. Then he called me. Perhaps I'd be interested to come to a little meeting of the syndicate, just the preseason meeting. It was possible that we might be able to come to a more permanent arrangement for my fishing than I'd enjoyed in the past. He was being uncharacteristically formal and lawyerlike. I could tell he had the same scheme in his mind as that autumn night on the river but I still couldn't afford it. The Dolgarey fishing must now be worth getting on for \$25,000 a share. And not long since, I had decided to resign my lectureship to write full-time. But it was a terrifying temptation, to borrow it, raise it somehow, get a mortgage. And if they offered it to me and I refused, how could I go on being a guest?

So there I was, in the old man's house, the whiskey glass still half full in my hand, wondering what was coming next.

Mercer had finished with the tax hit; he was going on about the days for giving the locals fishing permits. Then, extraordinarily, he was saying, "And which day of the week are you least likely to come up, Clive?"

I could only look at him.

"If you're coming in next season, we'd like to know that—you don't want to come up and find all the local boys on the river."

Mercifully, Peter intervened. "Bert can't go on fishing," he said, "but he doesn't want it to go to a stranger, somebody none of us know."

"I don't know that I can..." I started to say.

"He wants you to come in at the price he paid in 1948. Let's say \$3,500."

The old man was sitting there, smiling and nodding. I still couldn't afford it.

"Yes," I said, "yes, that's marvelous." My mind was working on two levels. Exultation on one, rapid calculation on the other. There was about that much to come if I drew out what I'd paid into the pension fund when I was a teacher.

"That's marvelous," I said again. And to hell with the Earl of Cawdor, I thought. END

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When Travel Was a Sobering Experience

Teetotaling Thomas Cook launched his company with a trip to a temperance meeting in Loughborough and started a revolution in tourism. Now they're trying to sell the revolution by JEANNETTE BRUCE

In a recent article on Great Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath, writer Anthony Lewis tried to clinch his claim that Conservative Heath was a radical at heart by citing his cold-blooded decision to let the Rolls-Royce company go bankrupt rather than pour public money into it when it might have been saved. And, to be sure, Rolls-Royce does represent the British Empire to a lot of people.

But if the author were looking for a move that really stamped the current British government as something other than traditionalist, he might have mentioned the decision to put Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., the Greatest Name in Travel, on the auction block. For if the venerable travel service is not a sacrosanct corner of Britannia, then the stiff upper lip must be a Hungarian invention.

What worries a lot of people, most of them Britons, is the danger that the 130-year-old Cook's firm might—good heavens!—be sold to an American outfit. And at least one rumor has it that it will. On the other hand, the likeliest purchaser appears to be a consortium of British tour operators who hope to raise the \$20 million to \$25 million estimated to buy the firm—lock, stock and Bar-decker—and keep it safely on that side of the Atlantic.

Whoever buys Cook's will probably toss a cocktail party to observe the occasion, which will be the unkindest—and most ironic—cut of all, for founder Thomas Cook (1808-1892) was a life-long enemy of demon rum, and the first tour he organized was an 1841 journey of 11 miles from Leicester to Loughborough by 570 delegates to a temperance convention.

Thus was the business of organized travel launched. Thomas Cook, cabinet-maker turned evangelist, was out to prove that there were healthier pursuits than drinking. He saw the newly invented train as a way of providing cheap ex-

ursions to promote the cause of temperance. It is not the first time in history that an idea got lost in the unexpected success of its byproduct. These first tourists, on reaching their destination, "played cricket and drank tea," their journey a sober success.

But just four years later the as-yet-unsuspecting father of tourism arranged his first nontemperance tours (to Liverpool and Scotland) and set himself up as an "excursion agent" in addition to his principal activity, that of writing and publishing *The Monthly Temperance Messenger*, a penny monthly called *The Anti-Smoker and Progressive Temperance Reflector*. Between efforts to dry out a thirsty population, Cook decided there was virtue in traveling "solely for pleasure," and in 1851 he arranged for 165,000 visitors to visit the first world's fair in London, providing transportation and housing. He began to publish a travel paper, *The Excursionist*, which recorded the company's activities for the next 90 years.

The mid-1800s were difficult times for many Englishmen, and the idealistic Cook rushed into print with yet another paper bearing the inspired title of *The Cheap Bread Herald*. He also gave openhanded support to soup kitchens, provided potatoes to victims of a famine in Leicester and deplored the easy access to cheap gin with which the workingman consoled himself. He tried to stem the "rising tide of demoralization" by dreaming up inexpensive tours poor people could afford. He and his wife even opened a temperance boarding-house on the upper floors of his first London travel office at 98 Fleet Street. By 1864 Cook claimed to have signed up a million clients.

One of his most popular items was a Grand Circular Tour of Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Cologne, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg and Paris. John Mason Cook, Thomas' only

son and, as his father always pointed out, "an abstainer from birth," accompanied a group of 35 Europeans to America in 1866, returned with glowing tales of New York, Washington, recent Civil War battlefields and the visual splendors of Mammoth Cave. Papa probably wished he had gone himself, but he was busy with a scheme called the hotel coupon, to which more than 1,000 hotels courageously subscribed, thus sowing the seed for what was to become, for better or worse, the package tour. The cost of a round trip from London to Paris was 20 shillings, and for an extra 16 shillings Cook's excursionist might spend four days in the City of Light and Sun. Tourism—particularly tourism in France—delighted Napoleon III, whose secretary gave Cook the Emperor's assurance of cooperation.

Though Cook prided himself on providing economical tours for the multitudes, it wasn't long before the titled and wealthy began to ask for private tours, which the indefatigable agent happily arranged. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Campbell Tait) and party were escorted to the Riviera in spite of the Franco-Prussian War. Lord and Lady Muncaster, with their retinue, were attacked by bandits in Greece. After that embarrassment, Cook refused to take parties into trouble spots without military escort.

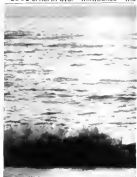
Now Cook began to look East, eyeing first the Holy Land, which was Turkish-controlled and had for centuries been forbidden to foreigners. Governments could not bring the wily Turks to heel, so Thomas Cook concluded private treaties with the ruling sheiks and marched his adventurous tourists into Jerusalem and other Biblical cities, an operation that required sleeping tents, dining tents, kitchens, horses, mules, innumerable servants and several watchdogs—the latter, no doubt, in case the sheiks should have second thoughts about the development

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Travel *continues*

of tourism in the Middle East. The Khedive of Egypt, impressed by Cook's efficiency, offered him the Nile, which was opportune, for when rebellion broke out in the Sudan in 1884, Cook was commissioned by Parliament by order of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to transport General Gordon with 11,000 English troops, 7,000 Egyptian soldiers, 130,000 tons of stores, 8,000 whaleboats and 70,000 tons of coal into the trouble spot, followed later by Wolsey relief force. It may have been the only time in history a travel agency delivered a war.

Early steamers provided by the Khedive before the fracas were not up to Cook's standards, so Cook had his own deluxe ships built, a business that thrived, taking tourists up and down the Nile for the next 80 years. The transport of Her Majesty's army was not Cook's first assignment from his Queen. In 1873, his company a little over 30 years old, he had delivered several head of royal prize cattle to an exhibition in Vienna. Other celebrities turned to Cook's, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany made a triumphal visit to Jerusalem and Ulysses S. Grant, on being retired from the U.S. presidency, took a Cook's tour. (That term, incidentally, was already well-known by that time.)

The high spot of the founder's career was undoubtedly his first round-the-world tour, for it gave old Thomas, 66 at the time, a chance to revive one of his early loves, journalism. As he and nine hardy tourists traveled the globe, he mailed reports of their adventures to the *London Times*. Traveling across America on the new transcontinental railroad, he gave a lively account of an encounter with Indians:

"Prairie fires on all sides, antelopes, wolves and Indians kept us in a state of almost constant excitement. The Sioux tribe were evidently on the move to southern quarters, as they were mounted in great force on both sides of the line. They were supposed to be 500 at least, all mounted on very fine horses, gaudily dressed and armed to the teeth. Had they been hostile they might have troubled us by closing in their extended lines; but they gave evidence of friendship by cheers and actions, waving of caps and other signs of mirth." Cook's merry Indians, however, impressed him less than the Mormons of Salt Lake City and their teetotaling ways.

Two years later (1874) Jules Verne,

perhaps inspired by Cook, published a whimsical account of a trip around the world in 80 days, though it had taken Cook's group 222 days. During that period W. J. Wood satirized Cookites in *Punch*, an attack to which Thomas Cook wrathfully replied in print. Meanwhile, the old man was back at his drawing board, pioneering "circular notes," which later came to be universally admired as traveler's checks.

A reporter (sent by Charles Dickens) had once carelessly referred to Cook as a contractor and received a testy correction—"I am not a contractor, I am an excursion agent"—and Dickens called his resultant story *My Excursion Agent*. The semantic error was understandable, for Cook was up to his navel in contracts with railroads, steamship lines and foreign governments. He was used to complexity and probably scarcely lifted an eyebrow when in 1887 an Indian prince traveling to the Jubilee brought along 200 servants, 50 family attendants, 20 chefs, 10 elephants, 33 tigers, 1,000 packing cases and a small howitzer.

Cook was meanwhile busy with the Arabs, arranging safe transport for 12,000 Moslem pilgrims who wanted to go to Mecca. There were always irascible governments to be dealt with, and when the funicular rail line up the world's most popular volcano was closed down, Cook simply bought the Vesuvius Railroad and sent his tourists on their way to the top.

Thomas Cook set off on his last permanent tour in 1892 at the age of 84. His son survived him by only seven years, leaving the company to his three able sons, who continued Cook's history of "firsts"—including a first tour by air in 1927, which flew fight fans in a special plane from New York to Chicago for the Tunney-Dempsey bout.

Thomas' grandsons—Frank, Ernest and Thomas—left no male heirs, and in 1927 the firm was sold to the Belgian-based Wagon-Lits sleeping car company. When Belgium was invaded by Germany in World War II, Cook's was seized by the British government as enemy property and turned over to the major British railroads to manage. Finally, in 1948, along with the railways, the travel agency was nationalized and has since been governed by the laws of Parliament.

Now the For Sale sign has gone up again. Whatever happens next, Queen Victoria would not be amused. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNHAPPY

Sirs,

Please explain to your readers that the headlines for the Chandler stories were *jaws* not *tone* (*How I Jumped from Clean Politics into Dirty Baseball*, April 26 and May 3).

I had no opportunity to either approve or disapprove the headlines. I regret that the words "dirty baseball" were used. I am not, after almost 20 years (your *CONTENTS* billing, April 19), "still seething."

ALBERT B. CHANDLER

Versailles, Ky.

DAVE HILL

Sirs,

Myron Cope's article on Dave Hill was super (*Often Blown, but Unconquered*, May 10). A man like Hill who stands up to the USGA and PGA officials (who obviously have something against him) deserves recognition. This so-called bad guy of golf has gotten me very much interested in the game. And, by the way, I've never played golf in my life!

GREG STEFFE

Salisbury, Md.

Sirs,

Simply put, Dave Hill seems to like the courses he wins on and dislike the ones he loses on. My 4-year-old has the same attitude toward life, but I hope that before he's 10 I can teach him to admit his own shortcomings rather than blaming the world for them. I'm bored with spoiled brats of all ages.

JOHN W. BARKER

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sirs,

We Michiganans seem to have cornered the market in hotheaded professional athletes. Even your article on naive son Dave Hill made a passing reference to Alex Karras, another outspoken, but rarely soft-spoken, player in our state. The Red Wings have been idle in recent years, but they once gave Howie Young a base of operations. And who can forget Denny McLain?

Of course, the facts that Karras was one of the best football players at any position for years, that McLain had the first 30-win season in 34 years and that Hill's accomplishments put him in the front rank are some consolation to a state whose four big-league sports teams have managed about two national championships in the last decade. Now if the Red Wings can just trade one of their Joe Nobodies for Derek Sanderson...

JOHN ALGUSTINE

Essenceville, Mich.

THE GREENING OF A DYNASTY

Sirs,

After studying the last paragraph of your article on the NBA champion Bucks (*Hey, Look, Ma! Only One Hat!*, May 10), I came to the conclusion that the only way to win consistently in basketball is to wear a green uniform. Boston won 11 titles in 13 years in Celtic green. The Bucks have now won in a bit darker shade, and it would appear that they will be on top for a few years to come. If any doubters should point out that UCLA won five NCAA championships in a row and seven in the past eight years in blue and yellow, just ask any elementary school child what color results from the mixing of those two colors.

BRUCE DELAHORNE

Tulsa

Sirs,

Your story implies that the Bucks will create a dynasty like the Celtics did. I disagree with you. The Celtics' green is theirs and no one else's. Last year New York showed the country that Lew could not do it all by himself. Now the Bucks have Oscar. He will be 33 years old this November.

PAUL HERNANDEZ

Boston

Sirs,

There may have been Celtic green dominating the Milwaukee scene this year, but next year the Bucks' color will be blood-red when a healthy Willis Reed and the New York Knickerbockers converge on the scene. Lew Alcindor may very well be the best big man in pro ball, and Oscar Robertson is never less than sensational, but it takes more than two men to win games. Don't forget that the Knickerbockers defeated Milwaukee four out of five times during the season.

Yes, a dynasty is in the making in the NBA, but its color is Knickerbocker blue.

STEVE KOELLER

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs,

The Bucks must really have it made. They're getting the same treatment the Packers and Lombards got! I note such adjectives as "unemotional, colorless, humorless and businesslike." Your green eyes are showing.

PAT VANDENBUSH

Green Bay

BRIGHT STARS

Sirs,

Congratulations to Mark Mulvey for his fine article (*North Stars Are the Greatest*, May 10). It goes to show that the expansion

of hockey is working in some cities. Minnesota has a fine team and tremendous fans. Even though they lost, the North Stars have proven something to the more established NHL teams, especially the Canadians.

JEFFREY SENNOTT

Newton, Mass.

BIG-GAME HUNTER

Sirs,

Unfortunately, another article has been printed that helps to destroy the already distorted image of the big-game hunter as the dedicated and hardworking sportsman that he really is.

Perhaps I read your article (*On the Horrors of a Dilemma*, April 26) out of context, but I got the impression that most hunters will be and cheat to win a trophy. I also got the impression that most trophies are given just for the sake of publicity. Perhaps this is true of the companies that award them, but as the only hunter to win all three of the awards mentioned—Weatherby, Air France and Winchester Shikar-Safari—I would like to say that it takes a lot more than strutting down Madison Avenue to win them, and the competition is as fierce as in any other sport. Also, there are no secrets in the big-game hunting world. When a man cheats and buys a set of horns, it becomes quickly known by those who are interested.

The Weatherby award is given for lifetime achievements, i.e., rare animals, most species of animals taken, most countries hunted and best trophies taken. The Air France award was given to me for taking the largest elephant (the tusks weighed 118 and 108 pounds) and the largest Cape buffalo (509½-inch spread) in Africa in a single year, 1967. The Winchester Shikar-Safari award is given for the best animal taken in Asia in a single year. I won it with an *Ovis ammon* ram with a 67-inch horn, breaking a record of 70 years. Incidentally, I almost lost my life on this hunt. I was in a hospital for five days recovering.

Someday, sometime, I hope that a magazine will have the guts to print the true story of what it takes to be a great trophy hunter. You cannot sit on your duff and win major trophies in the hunting world any more than you can in other sports. In pursuing my sport, I have worked hard under all kinds of conditions—rain, sleet, snow, desert heat of 130° and freezing temperatures down to 50° below zero. One must be prepared to hunt at altitudes of over 15,000 feet and in hot, smothering jungles so thick you wouldn't believe it. We don't have air-conditioned stadiums to work in. I know, I was there.

C. J. McLEARY

Inglewood, Calif.

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10TH HOLE *entitled*

BOWLING'S ANSWER

Sirs:

Ken Chapen's article *Obviously It's a Leftist Plot* (May 3) was extremely well written, and it is obvious that he did his homework. I am pleased to report, however, that we have found a way to fill the right-side track in the lanes in a manner that gives the right-handed bowler a fairly equal opportunity to compete against the lefthander.

In any sport, however, the cream usually rises to the top because of an ability to adjust to changing rules, conditions and equipment. I can't see where bowling is any different.

EDDIE ELIAS

Founder and Legal Counsel

Professional Bowlers Association

Akron

WHIZ KNOX

Sirs:

It's not so bad when items appear in *FACTS* as the *Crowd* about my peers (11-, 12- and 13-year-olds) trying to distance-run. But the article on Kevin Knox (*Whasek Goes the Waco Way*, May 3) is going too far. There are many, many young runners who can beat Knox hands down. Moreover, I am one of them. This sounds cocky, but it is probably true.

Still, I am happy that SI is recognizing the ability of young people. Maybe you will lead the way in breaking the segregation at the Boston Marathon, where young people are not allowed to compete.

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS

New York City

Sirs:

Congratulations on the excellent article on Kevin Knox, the first great age-group runner. Although all his records will eventually be broken, he is the first runner to establish outstanding times by which others can set their standards.

As competent physiologists have been preaching for years, track and field, and particularly distance running, is 10 years behind the swimmers, figure skaters and gymnasts. With programs such as Kevin's, the mile will eventually be run in 3:40, and runners who start later than age seven or eight will not be able to compete.

The first National Age Group Championship for boys and girls will be held June 5 in Washington and in Bakersfield, Calif. Entry blanks can be obtained from Dale Knox, 714 Sixth Street, Waco, Calif. 93790 or Gabe Mirkin, M.D., 14411 Bunters Court, Rockville, Md. 20853.

Gabe Mirkin, M.D.

Rockville, Md.

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